

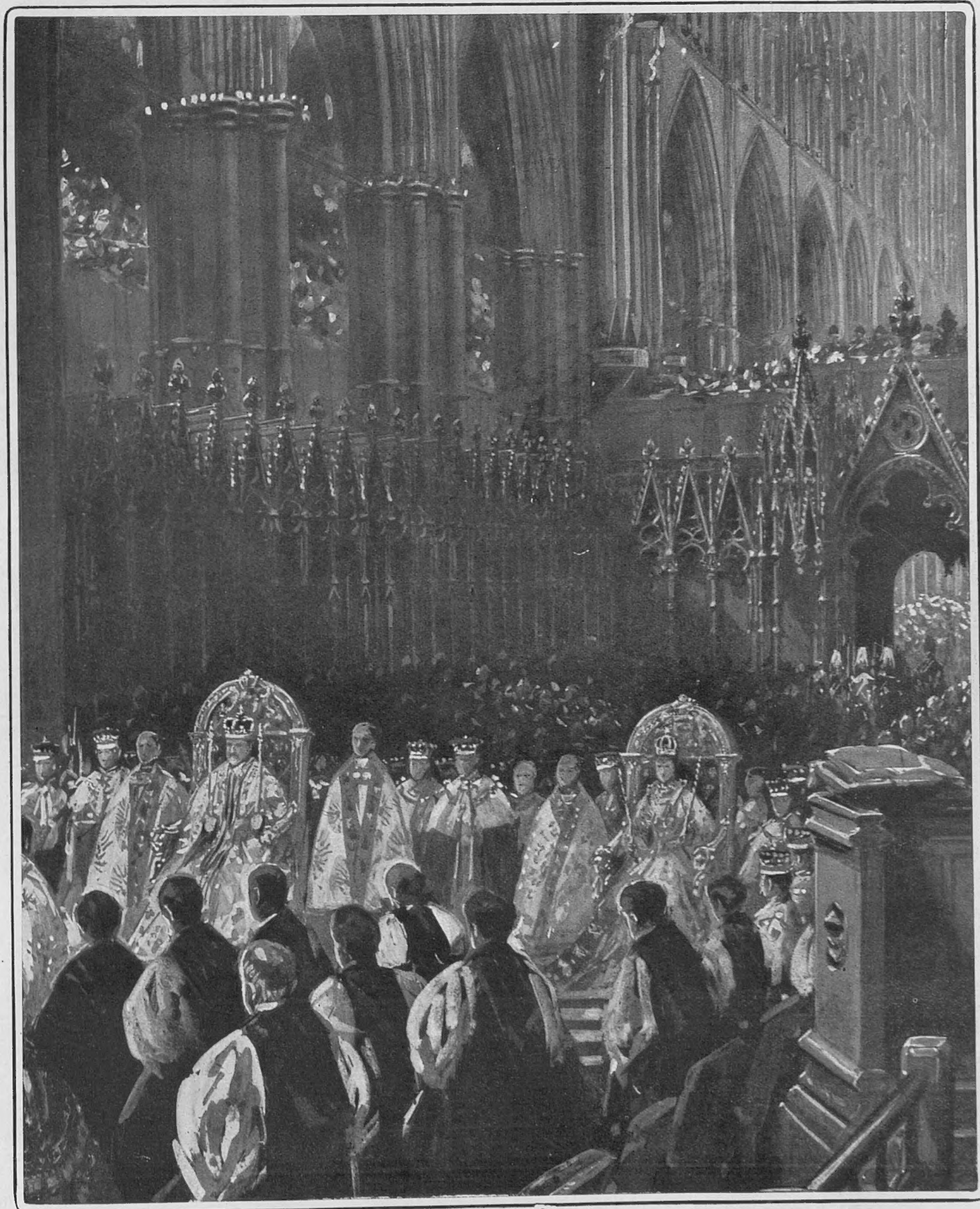


No. 498.—VOL. XXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1902.

ONE SHILLING.

THE INTHRONIZATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA



DRAWN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AUGUST 9, 1902, BY S. BEGG.

(See Editorial Notice overleaf.)

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

A certain number of pages in this issue bear the date "July 2," that being the day on which, had it not been for the King's sudden illness, the Coronation Number of "The Sketch" would have been published. Owing to the length of time required to print so elaborate a production as the present, it has been found expedient to retain this "sheet" in its original form. The Editor trusts that the exceptional

circumstances of the case, combined with the literary and artistic interest attaching to these pages, will be found sufficient justification for the slight discrepancy.

The drawing, by S. Begg, on the front page of this issue, is taken from the large picture of the Inthronization, by the same artist, to be published to-morrow in the Panorama Number of the "Illustrated London News."

THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

THE CEREMONY IN THE ABBEY.

DESPITE the brilliance of the processions, the scenes of enthusiasm in the streets, the magnificence of the illuminations, the ceremony in the Abbey still remains the most interesting part of last Saturday's function. For here it was that the Church of England set the seal of her approval upon the Sovereign who was to reign over our Empire and to extend the influence of his personality over so many myriads of souls. It was to the scene in the Abbey, therefore, that the thoughts of the Empire turned on Coronation Day; it is the actual ceremony in the Abbey which, in the ages to come, will be most closely identified with the nation's acceptance of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

On such an occasion, the pencil of the artist speaks so much more readily than the pen of the writer that the merest outline of description is sufficient to act as a supplement to the pictorial record to be found in the Coronation Number of *The Sketch*. Briefly stated, then, the service opened with a few minutes of silent prayer. Then, facing westwards, the Archbishop of Canterbury uttered the words of Recognition, all those present replying in unison, "God Save King Edward." Next, a brilliant fanfare, executed by the State trumpeters, rang through the old Abbey, and, immediately afterwards, the soft tones of the great organ intimated that the celebration of the Holy Communion had begun. The Creed being terminated, the Archbishop of Canterbury administered the Coronation Oath. A prayer for blessing upon the new King followed, and then came the anointing with the unction.

Having been divested of his crimson robes by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the King took up his position in King Edward's chair, and Archbishop Temple, after pouring a portion of the consecrated oil into the ancient anointing-spoon, anointed King Edward on the head, breast, and palms of both his hands in the form of a cross. Then was His Majesty girded with the Sword of State and invested in the Imperial Mantle. The Orb was placed in his right hand, the Ring upon his fourth finger, and the Sceptres one in either hand. Finally, the Archbishop set the Crown upon the King's head, and the venerable walls of the Abbey rang from end to end with tumultuous cheers.

The anointing and crowning of the Queen by the Archbishop of York was of a much simpler character. When the new Crown, adorned with its eight beautiful arches and the Koh-i-noor diamond, was placed on her head, all the Peeresses raised their coronets to their own heads. The two Sceptres having been duly delivered into Queen Alexandra's hands, she was conducted to the theatre, followed by the Mistress of the Robes.

The remainder of the service was very little different from that of a choral celebration of the Holy Communion. The whole concluded with a magnificent rendering of Dr. Stanford's famous "Te Deum in B-Flat" and a part of the National Anthem.

THE PROCESSIONS TO AND FROM THE ABBEY.

It was on the stroke of half-past ten that the trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards, heading the Imperial Procession, emerged, in slow order, from the gates of Buckingham Palace. At a quarter to eleven, the Prince and Princess of Wales, in their chariot, turned out from York Gate into the Mall. Their Royal Highnesses were

greeted with a volume of cheering, which increased momentarily as the booming of the guns in Hyde Park announced the King's departure from the Palace for the Abbey. The crowds, in their enthusiasm at seeing their Sovereign again amongst them after his dangerous operation and illness, would not content themselves with cheers alone, but, in loyal masses, followed the Royal carriage down the length of the Mall. His Majesty, although looking a little pale and nervous, was evidently in good health, whilst the Queen never ceased to bow in all directions with her customary grace and charm.

The Duke of Cambridge, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Louise, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Connaught—each in turn was recognised by the delighted crowd and welcomed in the full-hearted, lovable London manner. A great reception, too, was waiting for the stern-faced Lord Kitchener, the great little Lord Roberts, the brilliantly clad Indian cavalry, and the lean, tanned fighting-men from the Colonies.

The route of the Royal Procession on the return from Westminster Abbey to Buckingham Palace was through the heart of Clubland—Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly. It is hardly necessary to say that the Clubs made the most of the occasion, whether as regards the beauty of their decorations or the enthusiasm of their welcome to the newly crowned King and Queen. It is interesting to note that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who witnessed the Coronation Procession of Queen Victoria in 1838, was a spectator, from her mansion in Piccadilly, of King Edward's Coronation Procession on Saturday last.

THE PEOPLE AND THE CORONATION.

It is a matter for sincere congratulation that Coronation Day was in no way marred by such scenes of silly buffoonery and noisy vulgarity as have lately threatened to overthrow the reputation of Londoners for dignity and good sense. The streets at night, converted into a veritable fairyland of brilliant illumination and artistic decoration, were filled with crowds of quiet-loving citizens, who were able to enjoy the display all the more for the absence of the hooligan element. After the experiences of Mafeking Night, Peace Night, and so forth, the contrast was so great as to lead one to hope that the many protests in the daily and weekly Press have not been altogether in vain.

Throughout the day, too, the conduct of the crowd was almost beyond reproach. Jostled, cramped, tired, as they undoubtedly were, the great masses of spectators, nevertheless, kept their temper admirably, and proved their loyalty by remaining, in many cases without food, in the same places from an early hour in the morning until after two o'clock.

One of the prettiest features of the occasion, and for which those who were privileged to witness it have to thank the kind hearts of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was the entertainment of foundlings and orphans in the delightful gardens of Marlborough House. It was indeed a charming sight, and one that will remain for many years in the memories of the few spectators, to see these little atoms on the tumbling waves of the world revelling to the full in the ecstasies of fresh air, an exciting event, and a generous supply of wholesome dainties. Surely, if the angels of God looked down upon the Coronation pageants of the King of England, their gaze must have rested in especial love on that idyllic spot where the innocents of this cold Babylon basked for awhile in the sun of tenderly solicitous Royalty.

THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



King's Crown. Bishop of Bath and Wells. Bishop of Oxford. Queen's Crown. Bible. Chalice.

CONVEYING THE REGALIA THROUGH THE CLOISTERS INTO THE ABBEY.

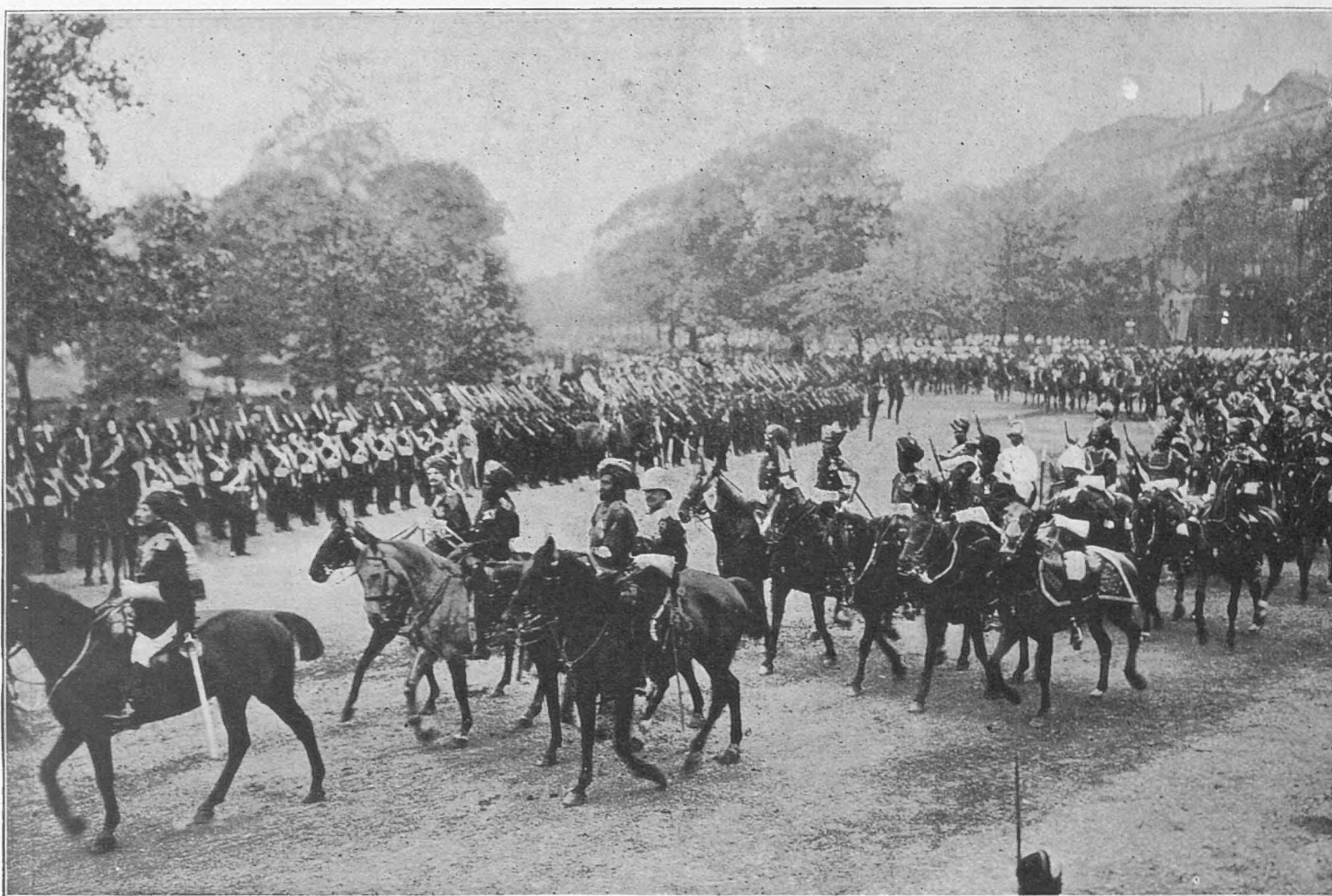
Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Chiswick, E.C.



THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE WAY TO THE ABBEY.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



THE INDIAN CAVALRY ESCORT RIDING IN THE PROCESSION.

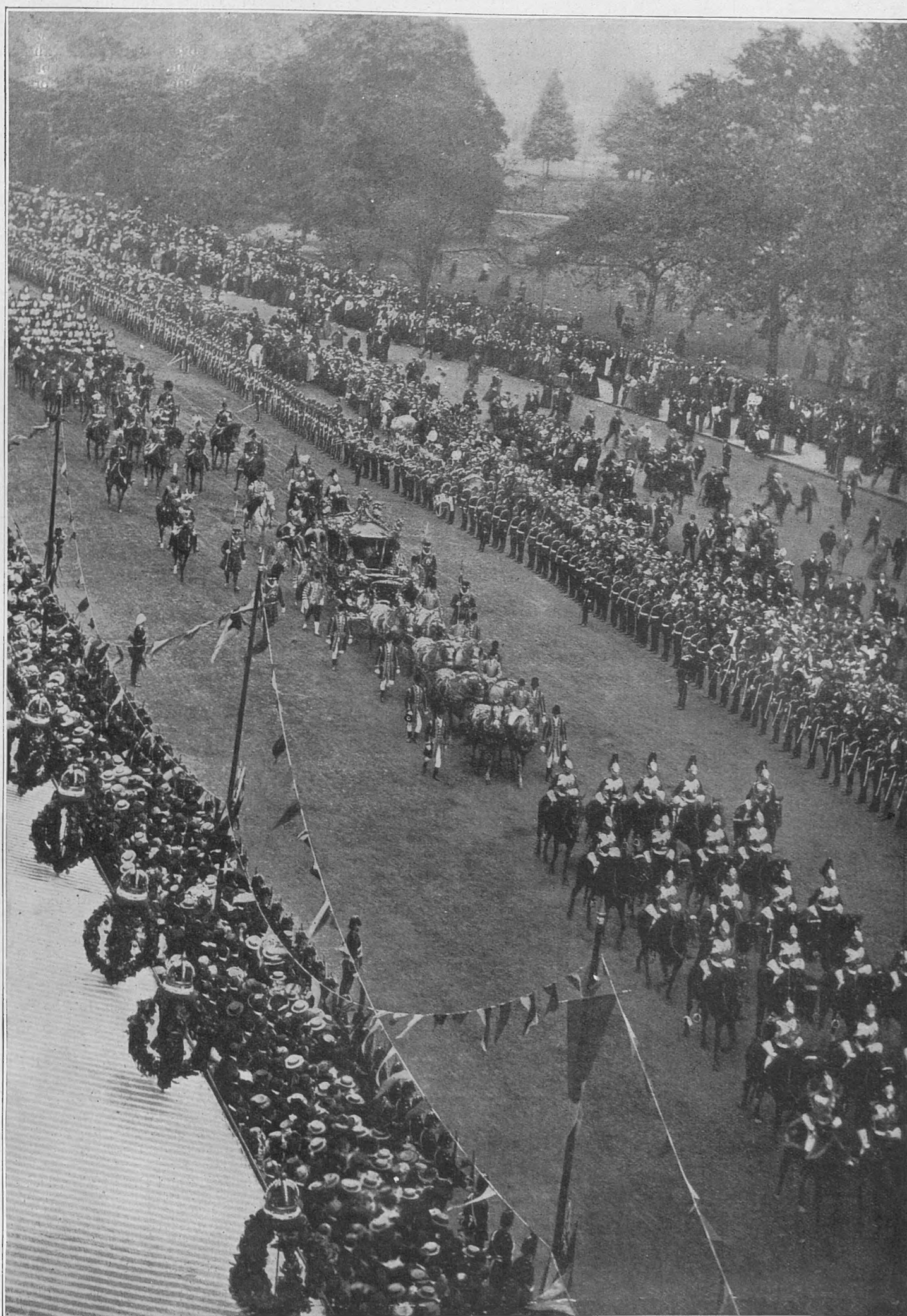
Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

Lord	Admiral	Major-General
Kitchener.	Sir E. Seymour.	Sir A. Gaselee.

LORD KITCHENER, ADMIRAL SIR E. SEYMOUR, AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED GASELEE PASSING UNDER THE CANADIAN ARCH.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



THE STATE COACH, CONTAINING THE KING AND QUEEN, RETURNING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE
AFTER THE CORONATION CEREMONY.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, Portman Square, London, W.

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FROM	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria ... dep.	9 13	10 30	11 35	...	1 42	...	3 55	...	4 55	5 0
London Bridge ...	9 40	10 25	...	11 35	...	1 50	...	4 0	4 55	5 0
Portsmouth ... arr.	12 5	12 55	1 36	2 16	3 50	4 22	5 55	6 39	6 56	7 37
Ryde ...	12 50	1 45	2 20	3 0	4 30	5 15	6 35	7 35	7 35	8 35
Sandown ...	1 40	...	2 45	3 38	4 57	5 45	6 55	8 19	8 19	9 3
Shanklin ...	1 40	...	2 50	3 45	5 4	5 50	7 0	8 25	8 25	9 8
Ventnor ...	2 0	...	3 3	3 30	5 15	6 0	7 10	8 37	8 37	9 20
Cowes ...	1 30	...	3 18	3 40	6 0	6 0	7 55	7 55	9 10	...
Newport	2 55	4 7	6 15	6 15	7 32	8 35	8 35	...
Freshwater	3 35	5 10	7 0	7 0	9 30	9 30	9 30	...

Consequent on the Naval Review on Aug. 16, the 9.13 a.m. from Victoria will not be run, and none of the above trains leaving earlier than the 3.55 p.m. from Victoria will have through connections for the Isle of Wight.

Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

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ST. LEONARDS	PORTSMOUTH	
HASTINGS	SOUTHSEA	

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE	VENTNOR	Through Tickets issued and Luggage Registered throughout.
COWES	FRESHWATER	The Trains run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also run to and from the Ryde Pier Head Station, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.
SANDOWN	ST. HELENS	
SHANKLIN	BEMBRIDGE	

Details of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

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ETRETAT	AVRANCHES	
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Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

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LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) AND HARROGATE.

STATIONS.	a.m.	*B	B	*C	B	D	*A	B	night.
LONDON (St. Pancras) dep.	5 15	9 30	11 30	12 15	1 30	2 10	3 0	5 0	12 0
HARROGATE ... arr.	11 32	2 12	4 20	5 57	6 25	8 10	8 38	10 0	5 15
HARROGATE ... dep.	7 30	8 35	10 15	11 40	12 32	3 0	5 14	6 22	9 0
LONDON (St. Pancras) arr.	1 0	2 10	3 40	5 0	6 10	7 50	10 30	11 5	4 50

* THROUGH EXPRESSES.

† Leaves St. Pancras at 12.15 on Saturday nights, and arrives Harrogate 8.4 on Sundays.

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Derby, August 1902.

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Dublin 1902.

HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

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For full particulars as to fares, &c., apply to SUPERINTENDENT of the Line, Kingsbridge Station (Dublin).

LORD ACTON'S LIBRARY.

If Mr. Carnegie had been desirous of doing something really useful with the late Lord Acton's great historical library, he should not have presented it to any private individual, worthy, no doubt, as Mr. Morley is. To house such a mass of books is beyond the means of any one man, and, moreover, in his possession they cannot be as useful as they would be in the keeping of a public body. Lord Acton was Professor of History at Cambridge, and the obvious thing to do with the library was to present it to his University, which, by the efforts of the school of the late Sir John Seeley, has done more than any other learned body to apply the lessons of the past to the needs of the present, and to teach the country the real meaning of the making of England. Such a gift to the University of Cambridge would have been worth all the little Public Libraries founded by Mr. Carnegie over and over again.

It is a curious point in connection with the Test Matches against Australia that, although England has been defeated in the two matches which have been finished, yet our cricketers have in many ways shown themselves the better men. In the four matches, each side has lost fifty-two wickets, the Australians for nine hundred and fifty runs and the Englishmen for twelve hundred runs. We have thus scored two hundred and fifty runs more than the Australians for the same number of wickets down; or, to put it in another way, England has averaged a trifle over twenty-three runs for each wicket, while the Australians have averaged only about eighteen and a-half for each wicket they have lost. It shows what an extraordinarily uncertain game cricket is that, in these circumstances, England should have lost two matches and drawn two out of the four played. Such cricket is worthy of better fortune.

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JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager,

MIDLAND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, BROADSTONE, DUBLIN.

CORONATION SMALL TALK.

The American Ambassador.

Mrs. Choate, the lady who is now acting as hostess to our innumerable American Coronation guests, possesses the great distinction of being the wife of the wittiest citizen of the United States. Though an old story, the pretty compliment paid by Mr. Choate to the Ambassador is well worth repeating. "If you were not yourself, who would you be?" was asked of the Ambassador. "Why, Mrs. Choate's second husband!" came the instant reply. The Ambassador and Ambassador had a unique compliment paid them by King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Early in June, their Majesties dined at the American Embassy, an honour never before granted by a British Sovereign to the representative of a foreign Power.

Lord and Lady Carew are among the most popular members of their order in Ireland. They are in no sense absentee land-owners; indeed, Lord Carew loves to spend a few months at his beautiful Irish home, Castle Boro, where he and Lady Carew entertain large parties of English friends each summer and autumn. Lady Carew was, before her marriage, Miss Julia Lethbridge, one of the most popular girls in London Society. Both she and her sister, Mrs. Clifford Cory, are exceptionally accomplished, the one being as famed for her exquisite skill with the needle as is the other for her lovely voice. Lady Carew is certainly the best embroideress and needle-tapestry-worker in Society, and in Lord Carew's town house are many fine examples of her mastery of this almost forgotten art.

The Countess of Albemarle is the only child of Lord Egerton of Tatton, and will become in course of time one of the wealthiest women in Society. Though her marriage took place twenty-one years ago, and though she is the mother of six children, she has retained a great youthfulness of appearance, while even her friends find it hard to believe that she is the mother of stalwart Lord Bury, who will celebrate his coming of age next February. Lord and Lady Albemarle have always been much liked at Court, and the King stood sponsor in person to their youngest son, who is now four years old. Lady Albemarle is the mistress of one of the most charming places in Norfolk—Quidenham Park, Attleborough.

The Marchioness of Ormonde.

The beautiful mistress of Kilkenny Castle is one of the youngest-looking grandmothers in Society; and even now it would be wrong to say that she is really any older-looking than her married daughter, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew. Lord Ormonde, as Chief Butler of Ireland, is one of those Peers who have a right to figure in the Coronation Procession of the Sovereign. Lady Ormonde is in a sense connected with the Royal Family, for her youngest sister, Lady Margaret Grosvenor, became the wife some years ago of the present Duke of Teck.

Lady Churchill.

Lord and Lady Churchill are among the few Princes and Princesses of the Holy Roman Empire who can claim to have a right to be present at a British Coronation, but they are, of course, both thoroughly English, Lord Churchill having been one of the late Sovereign's favourite godsons and pages, while Lady Churchill is a sister of Lord Lonsdale. In a peculiar sense, this branch of the Spencer family has always been much esteemed at Court, and at the present time Lady Churchill's second son, Victor Alexander, is one of the King's pages. It will be remembered that Lord Churchill's mother, who was for so many years Queen Victoria's devoted friend and faithful servant, predeceased the late Sovereign by only a few days.



MRS. CHOATE, WIFE OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

Lord and Lady Tankerville are great Northumberland worthies, and the latter, once Miss Leonora Van Marter, is one of the many fair Americans who have become British by marriage, and whose presence at the Coronation may truly be said to be of interest to the whole English-speaking world. Lord Tankerville completed his half-century of life last March, but, as he succeeded his father only three years ago, he is still better-known under his old name of Lord Ossulston. The Earl, who is a keen sportsman and agriculturist, is the fortunate possessor of Chillingham Castle, one of the historic stately homes of England. He and his beautiful American Countess—descended, by the way, from one of the old Knickerbocker families of New York—have three children, of whom the second, a son and heir, is just five years old.

Lady Aberdare comes of a family famed for the beauty of its daughters, for she was before her marriage Miss Constance Beckett, her

mother having been the daughter and co-heiress of the last Lord Lyndhurst. Lady Aberdare is devoted to her Welsh home, Duffryn, Mountain Ash, Glamorganshire. Of her seven children, the eldest, Mr. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, will come of age next year; the youngest, Victor Austin, is five.

The Countess of Dundonald.

Lady Dundonald, who celebrates her Silver Wedding next year, was at the time of her marriage to the famous soldier whose name she bears one of the greatest of British heiresses, for she was the only surviving daughter of Mr. Bamford Hesketh, of Gwyrch Castle, County Denbigh. Lady Dundonald must have gone through many anxious moments during the course of the South African War, for Lord Dundonald was again and again exposed to the most serious danger, notably during the dark days which preceded the Relief of Ladysmith. Lady Dundonald is a devoted mother of two sons and three daughters. The three Ladies Cochrane are noted for their beauty, and the eldest, Lady Grizel, is one of the prettiest girls now in Society. When not in



VISCOUNT TORRINGTON,
ONE OF THE KING'S PAGES OF HONOUR AT THE
CORONATION.

Photograph by Will Cadby.

is, therefore, intimately known to his Sovereign; he has much courtly grace of manner and performs his duties exceptionally well.



THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON,
ONE OF THE KING'S PAGES OF HONOUR AT THE CORONATION.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

town, Lady Dundonald lives at her Welsh seat, Gwyrch Castle, which is close to the flourishing town of Abergele. It is probable that Lord Dundonald and his family will spend the next few years in Canada, where he has just taken over an important military post.

Lady Coleridge. Lady Coleridge is one of the few Peeresses who are daughters of clergymen. Her father was the late Bishop of Oxford, and she was brought up in a very clerical atmosphere. Curiously enough, Lord Coleridge's seat has for name The Chanter's House, Ottery St. Mary. Lady Coleridge shares her title with Amy, Lady Coleridge, the widow of the famous lawyer and step-mother to the present Peer.

A Page of Honour. Lord Torrington, one of the King's Pages of Honour, will be eighteen next month. He is descended from the famous Admiral Byng, and is now head of the family, for he had the misfortune to lose his father when he was only three years old. Queen Victoria took a friendly interest in the orphan Peer, and she appointed him one of her pages two years before her death. Lord Torrington

The Earl of Portarlington.

Lord Portarlington, the head of the family of Dawson-Damer, succeeded his father only two years ago, and of the group of youthful Peers selected to be His Majesty's train-bearers at the Coronation the Earl was thought by some people to be the best-looking, the more so that he has all the Irish charm of manner. Lord Portarlington, who will celebrate his coming of age in two years, has two fine places. The one is Came House, near Dorchester, while the other is the curiously named Emo Park, which is close to Portarlington, the town from which he takes his title. The young Peer's mother, Emma, Lady Portarlington, married last autumn the Hon. Henry Berkeley Portman.

A Ducal Train-Bearer.

The Duke of Leinster, who came back from Australia to take his place as one of the Sovereign's train-bearers at the Coronation ceremony, can, perhaps, claim to be the best-looking of the little group which composes the modern wearers of the strawberry-leaves. He inherits good looks from his lovely mother, one of Lord Feversham's beautiful daughters, and, in spite of the fact that he lost both of his parents so early and in such a tragic way, he and his young brother have had a happy boyhood and youth, thanks greatly to the devotion and care of their uncles. The head of the FitzGerald family is not only Duke of Leinster, he is Marquis of Kildare, Earl of Offaly, and premier Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Ireland. He succeeded his father nine years ago. Kilkea Castle, his beautiful home and birthplace, is one of the stately homes of Ireland, and the young Duke is never happier than when spending a few days there among his own people. From many points of view, he is one of the most interesting of the youthful Peers.

Lord Hampden is among the most vigorous and popular of King Edward's contemporaries, and during his sixty-one years of life he has served his country in many capacities, particularly successful having been his Governorship of New South Wales. Lord Hampden, who has always been a keen politician—he represented Herts from 1868 to 1873—has been exceptionally fortunate in his second wife, for the present Viscountess takes a most enthusiastic interest in her distinguished husband's career. As a bride, she is said to have literally sung him into Parliament, for her beautiful singing was one of the great attractions of his meetings in what proved to be his future constituency. Lord Hampden's son and heir, now Major Brand, married, three years ago, Lady Katharine Scott, a daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and their little son was born during his father's absence at the Seat of War.

Lord Knutsford.

Lord Knutsford might, perhaps, claim, were he so minded, to be the most distinguished of our Viscounts. He has had a long official career, and at the present time he occupies the agreeable position of Trustee to the National Portrait Gallery. Lord Knutsford was twelve years old when Queen Victoria was crowned, but he bears about him few signs of age, and he and Lady Knutsford, a daughter of Sir Charles Trevelyan, are the fortunate owners of one of the most delightful of Surrey country seats, namely, Pine Wood, Witley.

The Kaiser's Sons. The German Emperor has suddenly awakened to the fact that of all the many palaces, castles, and other Royal residences in and near Berlin, Charlottenburg, and Potsdam, but few are in such a satisfactory state as to be suitable for the accommodation of his various sons as they in turn grow up and come of age (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It will be remembered that His Majesty's third son, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, came of age last July (on the 14th), having on that day reached the age of eighteen. Like his eldest brother, the Crown Prince, he, too, will need his own private residence. The question now at issue is, where shall he live? This question seems to have



THE DUKE OF LEINSTER, ONE OF THE
KING'S TRAIN-BEARERS.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

PEERS OF THE REALM IN CORONATION ROBES.



THE EARL OF TANKERVILLE.
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



LORD CAREW.
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD.
Photograph by Byrne and Co., Richmond.



VISCOUNT HAMPDEN.
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

been fairly satisfactorily solved by the death of the late Prince George, who used to occupy the Palace in the Wilhelmstrasse. This residence, however, proves to be in but poor repair. It is fairly certain, therefore, that the building, together with its adjoining dwellings, will be pulled down to make room for a fitting princely palace. The situation is most certainly eminently adapted for Prince Adalbert's house. It is quite close to the Thiergarten and is only a stone's throw from the Unter den Linden. The latter street, by the way, is becoming daily more and more beautiful.

The Kaiser at Reval.

The one topic of conversation just at this juncture in Berlin is the German Emperor's visit to the town of Reval. Pictures of this picturesque town of Finland are in all the illustrated papers, especially those portions of the town called "Alt-Reval." Old Reval consists of narrow, tortuous streets, turreted towers, and old-fashioned houses. It is an important town from the commercial aspect, and possesses no less than fifty-three thousand inhabitants, many of whom are foreigners, and twenty-five at least of whom are Germans. It boasts fourteen churches—seven Protestant, six Greek, and one Roman Catholic.

Prince Henry of Prussia.

Prince Henry of Prussia has been distinguishing himself of late by saving a balloonist's life. Herr Strohschneider, an aeronaut, had ascended a considerable height off Kiel, when all at once his balloon burst and he was thrown headlong into the water in the harbour. Prince Henry, with his usual promptitude, immediately gave orders to send out a pinnace, and himself superintended the rescue.

A Distinguished House-Party.

Taplow Court, the beautiful riverside residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grenfell, has been the scene of many brilliant functions in its day, and this has been especially the case of late. Here the Colonial Premiers have been splendidly entertained, and on July 26 a most distinguished party of visitors gathered together for the week-end, including Viscount Kitchener and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Mrs. Grenfell is one of the most charming and popular women in Society, while her husband is well known as a fine athlete, politician, and traveller. As a Harrow boy he was noted for his prowess at cricket, and at Oxford

he was President both of the Athletic and Boat Clubs. He rowed also in the winning boat in the Inter-Varsity race; and since, as a mountaineer, swimmer, Special Correspondent, Member of Parliament, and Mayor of Maidenhead, he has had a sufficiently diversified career. Mrs. Grenfell, the daughter of the Hon. Julian and Lady Adine Fane, was one of the loveliest debutantes of the late 'eighties, and her marriage to Mr. Grenfell took place just fifteen years ago. When not at her riverside home, she entertains in a stately mansion in St. James's Square.



THE RIGHT HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Foreign Vessels at Spithead.

In spite of the postponement and the fact that the Admiralty felt it impossible again to invite the attendance of foreign vessels at the great Coronation Review, quite a number of the Powers will be represented at Spithead on Saturday, though the total will, of course, fall short of the twenty acceptances for the 26th of June. Our latest allies from the Land of the Chrysanthemum, who are doing everything in their power to show their friendliness, have already sent their cruisers *Asama* and *Takasago* from Antwerp, under Admiral Ijuin; and our old friend Portugal, a man-of-war. The attendance of the giant American battleship *Illinois* is prevented by the unfortunate accident which confines her in dock in the Medway, but Admiral Crowninshield—an appropriate name at the moment—will fly his flag either on the *San Francisco* or the *Chicago*. Germany will also show her flag, probably on the *Kaiser Friedrich III.*, under the command of Prince Henry of Prussia.

The Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.

The three appointments in the reconstructed Ministry which were announced on Friday afternoon in the House of Commons created a great deal of interest. Although it was generally believed that Mr. Austen Chamberlain would succeed Mr. Gerald Balfour at the Board of Trade, no surprise was expressed that he should have been appointed Postmaster-General, in view of his connection with the Treasury. Mr. Austen Chamberlain will have a seat in the Cabinet, so that the rare spectacle will be furnished of both father and son having Cabinet rank at the same time. The two other appointments are that of Sir William Walrond to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster and of Mr. H. W. Forster to the Secretaryship of the Treasury.

Lord Castlereagh. Lord Kitchener.

Mrs. Rupert Becket. Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Captain Holford.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Menzies.

Mrs. Grenfell.

Mr. Grenfell.

Miss Wilson.

A DISTINGUISHED CORONATION HOUSE-PARTY AT TAPLOW COURT.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

SOME OF OUR VISITORS AT SPITHEAD.



1. "MONTCALM" (FRANCE). 2. "PRESIDENTE SARMIENTO" (ARGENTINE). 3. "CARLO ALBERTO" (ITALY).
4. "CHICAGO" (AMERICA). 5. "POLEGDO" (RUSSIA).

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

The Prime Minister.

The Session has not ended well for the new Prime Minister. His majority has been reduced by the falling away of Mr. Cathcart Wason and the loss of the seat for North Leeds, and his prestige has been somewhat affected by the failure of the new rules to accelerate business. It can scarcely be said to be his fault that there was so prolonged a wrangle over the management of denominational schools, although a settlement would have been greatly to his credit. In a new Session, with a reconstructed Cabinet and with a programme of his own, Mr. Balfour may grow in authority and fame. On the golf-course he will think out his plans and acquire health of body and mind. Meantime, his personal popularity in Parliament is unabated.

The Opposition Leaders.

So far as the front Opposition bench is concerned, the Session has ended just as it began. There is a truce between the two sections. They agree when they can, but points of difference have not disappeared. Mr. Asquith and Sir Henry Fowler have withdrawn, almost ostentatiously, from the counsels of "C.-B.," and the Leader's chief friends and admirers have been Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Bryce. Mr. Morley has emerged now and again from his study to take a part in Parliamentary controversy, and his influence on the front

in his own boat, and was pointed out to His Majesty, who immediately doffed his cap and bowed to the gallant seaman, whose astonishment and gratification at such a mark of esteem from his Sovereign may be imagined.

Illuminations of the Illustrious.

Those great nobles who possess splendid town mansions were not behindhand in proving their loyalty by means of splendid and tasteful illuminations. At Apsley House, the entire balcony was outlined with gas-jets, which are now proved to be far more effective than electric light. The motto, "God Bless our King and Queen," was surmounted by a large Crown; but some of the sightseers in the crowd were somewhat puzzled to discover the signification of the first of the two dates "1863 and 1902." Of course, it refers to the marriage of their Majesties, which took place, incredible as it now seems, close on forty years ago. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset and the Duchess of Roxburghe and her son took especial pains over the illumination of their town houses. Devonshire House, not a very easy mass of buildings to decorate in an effective manner, on this occasion beat its own record, and this although it was one of the most beautifully decorated houses in Piccadilly on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. The Royal Arms, as most people are aware, make



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, WESTMINSTER.

Photograph by J. P. Coughlan.

Liberal bench has apparently grown during the Session. Most progress has been made by Mr. Bryce, as he has been always on the scene and always ready to fight.

Labour Members.

A new Labour Member, Mr. Shackleton, has taken his seat in the House of Commons as representative of the Clitheroe Division of Lancashire. Fully six feet high, and stout in proportion, with plump, frank face, he is a credit to Labour. Probably his position in Parliament will resemble that of Mr. Richard Bell, the railway servants' spokesman, who is independent of Party but who acts with the Liberals.

The King's Kindliness.

General de Galliffet's Memoirs have thrown some interesting side-lights on His Majesty's tact and invariable kindliness, so that one can easily realise why "the Prince" was so popular in France. A story not so well known is that of the King and the Life-boat man. When His Majesty visited the Scilly Isles in the spring of this year, he took a trip in Mr. Smith-Dorrien's steam-launch, and the Lord of the Isles told him of a most gallant act performed by the coxswain of the St. Mary's life-boat, in attempting to reach a sinking Italian barque on a terrible night amid the most dangerous rocks of the Isles. Just as Mr. Smith-Dorrien finished his tale, the hero of it happened to pass

a specially effective illuminated device. This was evidently the opinion of the Duke of Portland, for the brilliant representation of the Royal Arms which shone on the just and on the unjust was one of the finest and largest devices of the kind in London.

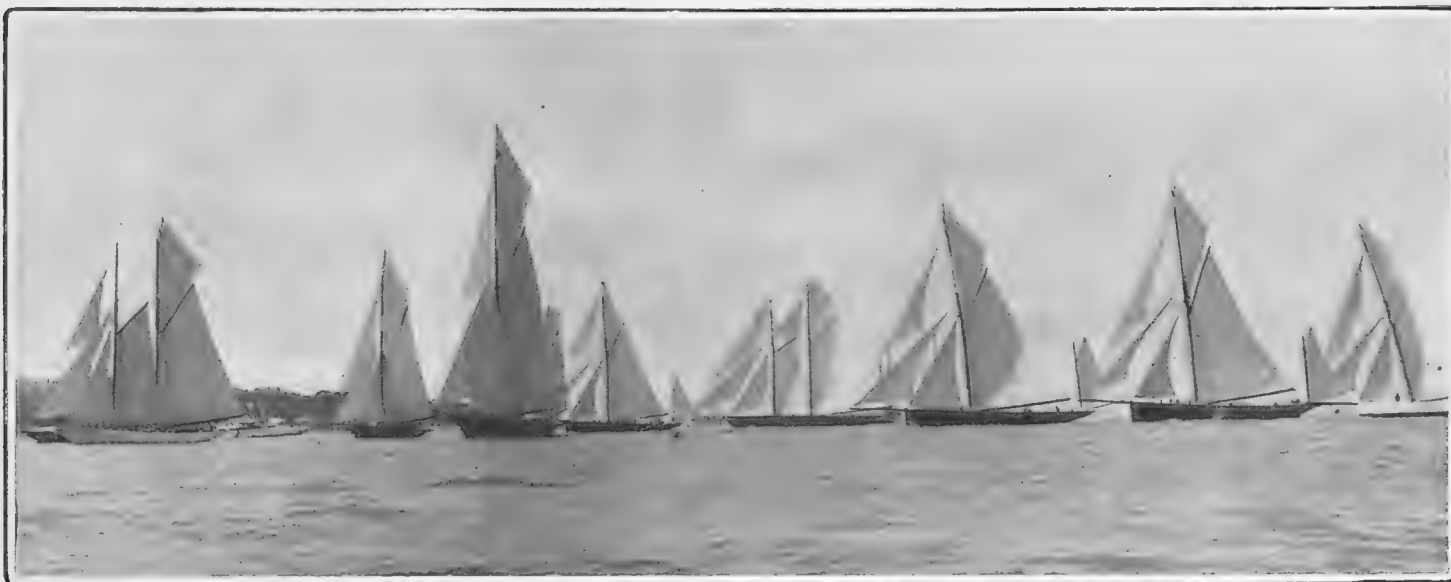
The Earl Marshal.

The Duke of Norfolk, to whom the whole country—or rather, the whole Empire—owes a true debt of gratitude, was, no doubt, heartily glad when his labours came to a satisfactory conclusion. By a curious irony of fate, it fell to the man who was the most popular Postmaster-General of our day to receive more letters than have ever been addressed to any one human being in the course of a single year. It is seriously computed that his Grace glanced over no less than five million epistles during the twelve months that he was engaged in preparing for the Coronation.

The Cathedral at Westminster.

The building of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster is now nearly finished, though, of course, no date has yet been arranged for its consecration, which will not take place till the total cost has been paid. The Campanile is now the only erection of its kind since the famous Venetian structure has fallen. The Cathedral authorities are erecting the main building, but are leaving many of the side altars and interior decorations to private enterprise.

THE CORONATION SEASON AND COWES REGATTA.



THE START FOR THE KING'S CUP: "METEOR" LEADING.

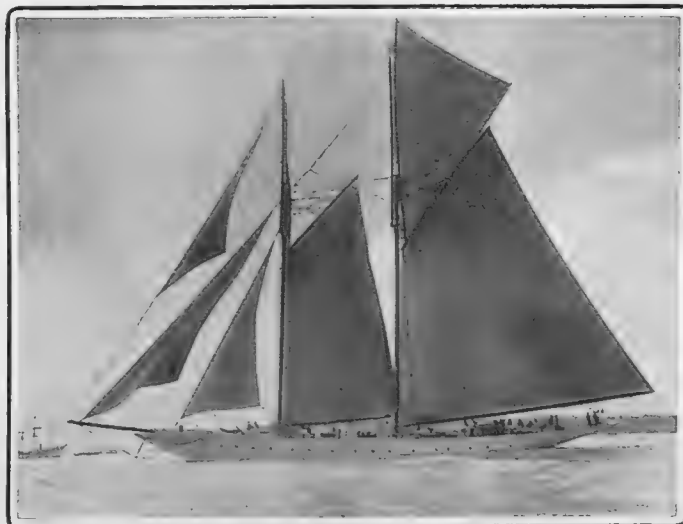
The King at Cowes. When the mainland was complaining of wretched weather and inclement summer, the Isle of Wight was enjoying, on the whole, beautiful weather. Not, perhaps, the

usual splendour of August in the Solent, but a sun which made living out of doors a necessity, tempered by breezes which made life on the water or by the shady shore absolutely perfect. The King's yacht has, of course, been the centre of attraction, and the cruisers and battleships which have assembled for the great Naval Review next Saturday have gained the admiration of the holiday crowds. Even when Queen Victoria was at Osborne the island was never so crowded; in fact, this year, ever since the last week in July, not a bedroom within reach of Cowes or Ryde has been procurable. Not only the big towns and the well-known seaside resorts, such as Sea View, have been full, but also such out-of-the-way and little-known places as St. Helens have been crammed to their utmost capacity. Everyone is looking forward to next Monday, when the King is to anchor off St. Helens and to pass the Fleet in review before him. This grand spectacle has attracted such a crowd to the east end of the island as it has never known before.

King's Weather.

The King was remarkably fortunate in the weather during his convalescence, for, when the rest of England was enveloped in clouds, the Solent was bathed in sunshine.

From the island, the mainland appeared on more than one occasion to be plotted out behind a livid purple pall of thunder-clouds, while the shores of the Isle of Wight were bright with the sunshine which poured over the edge of the great storm-cloud. In the early part of June, it began to be said that the King had not Queen Victoria's luck in the matter of weather, and that the Coronation Day would be soaking wet. The end of June, however, was magnificent, and, though the King was unlucky, it was not in the weather. Off Cowes, he has enjoyed more sunshine than he would have found in any other part of England, and those who followed his example and crossed over to the Isle of Wight have been congratulating themselves on his good-fortune.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S NEW YACHT "METEOR," WINNER OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON PRIZE.

It is not long since the tiny frigate which was a feature of Virginia Water was removed. Now,

"Fort Belvedere," in the same neighbourhood, has lost its status as a saluting station, its guns having been pronounced dangerous.



THE LAWN OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CLUB.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

CORONATION GOSSIP ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Paris and the Coronation.

It is not idle to say that France joins with England in her Coronation rejoicings (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Not only does the Frenchman meet with effusion his English friends, but splendid bouquets in red, white, and blue have been sent to English hostesses and bonbons for the children. Since the dark days of June, France has watched by the King's bedside with sympathy. There was not the smallest anecdote of a pretty character or an expression from the lips of the members of the Royal Family that was not cabled over. There seemed to be something more in "the King of Paris" than one suspected. The French doctors never took a gloomy view of the case, so enormous is their respect for Lord Lister, and the day that his name ceased to appear on the bulletins the King's cure was regarded as an accomplished fact.

It may be said that the late Queen Victoria appealed to the French nation by her simplicity of life, and those winters in the South made her as dear to the peasantry as she was to her Scottish tenantry. The day of the King's Accession to the Throne, and when it was hinted that he would revive all the glories of the Court of St. James, they absolutely shared in the expected splendours with the English. From every point of reasoning, the King is bound to be the most popular monarch with the French. The Czar they have seen only officially, the German Emperor never; the King of the Belgians is always a welcome guest who may come two or three times a month; George of Greece is saddened to an extent since the Turkish War and hides, and the bulk of the exotic monarchs are jokes for the *revues*.

The Parisians regard His Majesty as one of the asphalt of the Boulevards. He has endeared himself to them from every assailable point in the Lutetian heart. Their artistes are their glories in no other Capital. They accepted the homage he paid to their art in their London visits as a distinct honour to France. He had—and that is popularity in itself—the reputation of being the only foreign Prince who could order a Parisian dinner; his cigars were famous; and, above all, he had the reputation of being a fine conversationalist with a brilliant wit. These points will be appreciated by those who know the Parisian, and those who know the Parisian are aware of the strange by-paths to be followed to appeal to him. Great as was the King's popularity throughout his connection with France, it has been during the last few years in a somewhat vicarious fashion. When France went cycling mad and it was rumoured that His Majesty took occasional spins, he became the patron saint of the wheel; his automobile used to get a special paragraph a-day, and every incident of his trips round Windsor was recorded. Since the War ended—and in France he has the entire credit—he has paralysed the Anglophobe Press. I am afraid

the King's doctors will have to use judgment in the selection of French journals for his perusal, otherwise he will be killed by kindness. From end to end of France, every hot spring, every cold spring, every northerly exposed seaside town, side by side with the broiling South, claims that there, and there alone, will be a permanent cure effected. One goes so far as, "No cure, no pay."

There is a good deal of conjecture as to how the King will visit Paris. The Embassy suggests itself, but, except for its garden, it is a gloomy building and one that Queen Victoria could never support. As to the Riviera, the hôteliers speak of a winter visit only in a whisper. It seems, after recent disastrous times, too much to be hoped for.

Few people knew that in a quiet way the Queen had her little Court in Paris. Her first visit was inevitably to Madame Benjamin-Constant, who was her most intimate friend, and they would spend the entire day together, lunching in a quiet restaurant and taking tea in the Bois. Although Her Majesty is little known in Paris, except to such friends as Madame Constant, there is one spot where she does reign, and that is at Chantilly. By hazard, she heard that one of the lads formerly employed at Sandringham was lying ill in a garret in a fifth-rate quarter of the city. She absolutely persisted in going to the house, cheered the boy up, smoothed his pillow, and saw that money should not be wanting. The lad took the story back to Chantilly, and there is no foregathering at the great French racing centre where Queen "Alexander's" health does not come first in the list.

The Duke of Cambridge is at home everywhere, particularly on the Riviera, where he is regarded as the grand old English aristocrat. As he walks up and down the Promenade des Anglais, with his short, alert step, and emphatic tap with his cane, he is always

received with profound respect. The Duke of Connaught owes much of his popularity to a very simple incident, and one to which at the time he attributed no importance. He was at the Manœuvres four years ago, and left the Officers' Mess to go round and taste the men's soup, laughingly apologising for having deprived them of a teaspoonful and assuring them that it was so good he could have eaten the lot. He then had the haversack strapped on, and, shouldering the Lebel rifle, did a hundred yards' paces. On the following week the incident was sympathetically immortalised in flaming colours in the supplements of the *Petit Journal* and the *Petit Parisien*. The glories of French mothers in the Marbeuf Quarter are the Prince of Wales's children. Their clothes are the model for the wealthy, even too much so, for a Frenchman recently pointed out that, picturesque as was the naval suit, there was a limit, and he did not see why all French children wore caps with "H.M.S. *Trafalgar*," and so on.



IN THE "PALAIS DU COSTUME," AT THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

CORONATION VISITOR: *I hope I'll never make such a fright of myself!*

THE CHURCH AND THE CORONATION.



HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.



THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.



THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Coronation and the Actor-Managers.

BY MONOCLE.

ONE of the most interesting groups of men for consideration at the time of the Coronation is that of the Actor-Managers of London. They have been much discussed in relation to the thrilling question of Coronation Honours, but speculation on that topic has now ended in certainty and it remains for one to speak of them otherwise. We may begin with a list, rough and ready, no doubt, for it includes at least one very important person no longer, alas, in the fullest sense a London Actor-Manager, and some, perhaps, are omitted who possess claims. Obviously, Sir Henry Irving heads the list, and after him it is discreet to be alphabetical—George Alexander, Beerbohm Tree, Arthur Boucher, Forbes-Robertson, Charles Hawtre, Seymour Hicks, Cyril Maude, Edward Terry, and, last and far from least, Sir Charles Wyndham. Certainly they form a group of Managers and actors of whom any city might be proud. One may make a few remarks concerning them collectively. The average of their ages is about fifty. Five are married to leading ladies of distinction, and two more of the ten have, for a good many years, been in an artistic partnership with leading actresses. In policy, as a body, they are inclined to be reactionary, or rather, opportunist, and to leave experiments to outsiders; this statement, however, is but roughly accurate. Four are Public School men; Eton and Rugby gave one each, and Charterhouse two.

SIR HENRY IRVING is, no doubt, the most picturesque figure of the group, and his name is associated throughout the world with the modern English theatre—if not, perhaps, the modern English drama. There have been fierce disputes as to the merits of some of his work as actor and also as Manager; but the sincerity of his devotion to his art has never been denied, the grandeur of some of his performances cannot be contested, and the services he has rendered to our theatre are a matter of pure history. The tale of his brilliant management

at the Lyceum Theatre begins in 1878, and has ended at a time when it seems likely that the famous playhouse will be pulled down and become merely a name in theatrical history, a name ever memorable because of Sir Henry's splendid achievements. The youngest generation of playgoers, perhaps, hardly appreciates his services to the drama, the greatest of which, indeed, were rendered in the 'eighties, and some critics have complained of his reactionary

tendency and his lack of encouragement of the present generation of playwrights; but the letters he can add to his name, "D.L." Dublin and Cambridge, and "LL.D." Glasgow, as recognition of his labours for drama, furnish a signal answer. His friendships with the foremost men of letters and art of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, too, are evidence of the unique position occupied by the Actor-Manager whose labours have resulted in such a general improvement of the London stage as to cause his productions to stand out less prominently during the last decade than in the time when he was working his reformation.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER,

one of Sir Henry's ablest leading men, has had a remarkable career as Manager and actor since he produced "Dr. Bill" on his own account at the Avenue in 1890. He may proudly claim that he has done more to encourage English drama than any other Manager alive. With but few exceptions, he has confined himself to plays by living Englishmen, and success has attended his policy, success due to courage,

to wisdom in choice of pieces, to judgment in mounting them, and in no small measure to his popularity as actor. Of course, there have been mistakes in his twelve years, but not many. There have been bold experiments, such as the production of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," at the time a revolutionary work, or his commission to Mr. Phillips to write "Paolo and Francesca," and the presentation of the early Esmond pieces, and, no doubt, other achievements which



SIR HENRY IRVING AS HAMLET.

need hardly be named. Some of his productions have been commonplace, but I think no one of our times has produced new plays so consistently high in quality, whilst his Shaksperian revivals have been admirable in the judicious arrival at the mean between distracting gorgeousness and baldness.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S

career as Manager goes back to 1887 and "The Red Lamp" at the Comedy, since when at the Haymarket, and subsequently at his



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS DAVID GARRICK.

Photograph by Barvauds, Limited, Oxford Street, W.

splendid new house, Her Majesty's, he has produced a large number of plays. That his services to British drama have been less than Mr. Alexander's is due to the fact that he has been more eclectic as Manager, and somewhat less lucky, too; moreover, his greater versatility as actor must be taken into account. It would, however, be untrue to suggest that his devotion to art and his artistic taste are smaller than in the case of the Manager of the St. James's or to deny that he has rendered very valuable services to the theatre as Manager and actor. His numerous Shaksperian revivals have been superb; he has given a chance to several untried authors, and certainly it is to his credit that he has been so catholic as to be the only one of the group who has risked unpopularity by producing an Ibsen play. One notes with surprise that Pinero, Esmond, and Carton have not been dramatists of his theatre, and one recalls some deplorable "pot-boilers." It is, however, possible to trace in his managerial career a *reculer pour mieux sauter* policy—the "pot-boiler" has been prelude to some dangerous artistic production; and it must be remembered that, so far as new works are concerned, he has been often unlucky when audacious. He has had splendid successes, and failures more creditable than the triumphs of some others.

MR. BOURCHIER

has produced a good many pieces at the Royalty and the Criterion—in conjunction with Mr. Wyndham—and at the Garrick, and has played the part of author into the bargain, with "The Chili Widow," and some others. Many, or, indeed, most, of his productions have been farces, and one of them, "Pilkerton's Peerage," is among the most brilliant of our times, but, though successful, was not fully rewarded. At present, his best title to fame is as actor, and in

some parts, such as Jim Blagden, in "Wheels within Wheels," he is of quite remarkable quality.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON

has not been very fortunate as Manager, and it is rather a grim stroke of fate that, after presenting several really admirable works, his greatest success should be the trifling, pretty comedy, "Mice and Men." More than the three last-named Managers has he exploited his well-deserved popularity as actor and chosen plays as player rather than Manager, a natural reaction after a long period during which critics and public used to complain that he did not often get good enough parts. Essentially a romantic actor, and, perhaps, of not remarkable versatility, he seems likely to keep a little outside the unrestful tendency of twentieth-century drama.

MR. "CHARLIE" HAWTREY,

early in his career, drew a trump in "The Private Secretary," in which both Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Penley made a "hit" as the Curate. That was about nineteen years ago, and since then, unless it be "A Message from Mars," no such colossal stroke of fortune has come to him, though he has had many successes. His most noteworthy productions have been the Carton comedies. Like Mr. Wyndham, he began with wild farce and has aspired to comedy, and has won for himself a unique position as light comedian as well as farcical actor.

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS,

the youngest of the group, is one of the most popular figures of the stage. Remarkable skill and great versatility as actor, an air of immense enjoyment in his work, the authorship already of about a dozen plays, and, one may add, his marriage with the delightful



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS MALVOLIO IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.

Ellaline Terriss, have all been elements in his favour. We have no idea as to his limits as actor or dramatist, and his work as Manager has hardly been sufficient to indicate a policy. The lighter forms of drama seem to attract him, and "Blue-bell," which is a Christmas piece that ran till Midsummer, is in some respects his most remarkable achievement. Yet there are some signs of his taking a more serious interest in drama, and, when he comes to full possession of his powers, one may reasonably hope that he will join the little band of those who think that the playhouse is not exclusively a place for idle amusement and frivolous entertainment: then it is certain that he will be a real power for good.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE, with his partner, Mr. Frederick Harrison—also an actor, though rarely—has at the Haymarket enjoyed a career of almost unparalleled prosperity. During the present season there have been signs of a change in fortune. It cannot, however, be said that his service to drama as Manager has been remarkable. There has been no pandering to modernity under his rule, and, whilst one can easily remember his successes, one can hardly recall a triumph save as actor; "wholesome" and "agreeably entertaining" have been the correct adjectives for nearly all his productions.



MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS RICHARD DUDGEON IN
"A DEVIL'S DISCIPLE."

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

MR. EDWARD TERRY of late years has known little of the smiles of fortune. "Sweet Lavender" and its great success was his, and he produced Pinero's brilliant comedy, "The Times," which had less than its deserved success. One has the idea that he chooses plays rather too much with a view to his highly mannered but clever and amusing style of acting.

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM, who ere this year be over will be proprietor of three theatres, is the *doyen* of the Managers, and yet full of energy and acting as finely as ever. Probably this article would not contain a list of the plays he has produced. Many, no doubt, particularly in his early stage, were trivial farces; but of late years, putting aside one or two experiments, comedy has been his staple, at one time chiefly adapted French comedy, and afterwards pure English comedy. Under him some of the best plays of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones have been given, Mr. Haddon Chambers has reached his high-water mark, and Messrs. Parker and Carson have done their best work. No doubt, he is a brilliant actor, rather than great Manager, and one can hardly see any clear line of policy in his choice of plays, save, perhaps, to get the best work possible containing a Wyndham part. None have been so successful as he in the matter of revivals, and the vogue of "David Garrick" seems inexhaustible.



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS RICHELIEU IN
"A COURT SCANDAL."

Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS THE BISHOP IN "THE BISHOP'S
MOVE," AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE CORONATION AND THE ACTOR-MANAGERS.



MR. EDWARD TERRY AS DICK PHENYL IN "SWEET LAVENDER."



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS COLONEL CAZENOVE IN "THE NEW WOMAN."

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS "THE MAN OF FORTY."

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. CHARLES HAWTREY IN "A MESSAGE FROM MARS."

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AT HER MAJESTY'S.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS MISTRESS PAGE.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. WILSON NESBIT.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AT HER MAJESTY'S.



MRS. KENDAL AS MISTRESS FORD.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. WILSON NESBIT.

THE YOUNGEST "K.G."



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF BRAGANZA, CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL,
WEARING THE SASH AND STAR JUST CONFERRED ON HIM BY THE KING.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

much younger that even Saidie noticed it and told him that he wasn't half such an old stick as she had fancied; but of the real business at issue not a word was said. Beside Saidie's happy, smiling face, our luckless Peer was a boy again—a prey to all the sweet illusions of youth. Would he not be strong to drive lions and tigers from out of his charmer's path, save her from burning houses and a shipwreck or two, and should he not compass those sixteen inches of room for her on the 26th? Perish the thought! He would certainly try, and try he did.

In the intervals of escorting the young person up and down the town, he set to work. He looked up the mighty in their seats till certain officials who shall be nameless fled at his approach. For

of explanations off his shoulders; but not a bit of it. Old Lady Mary, who liked pretty faces, contented herself with trotting Miss Horn round; and when she was told how Lord Balham—dear, kind man!—had promised Saidie a seat in the Abbey for the 26th, she merely said, "Oh!"

Nevertheless, having lived a long time, it was she, in her wisdom, who pointed out to his Lordship the way of escape from his dilemma.

"Bless my soul, Balham! Marry the girl and take her with you!" she exclaimed, one day. She always went direct to the point; but her simple suggestion nearly knocked his Lordship off his feet, for, in a flash, he realised his state, and, with the humility-born of true love, he despaired.



"Marry him!" . . . Of course, she would marry him—she would do far worse than that to get into that Abbey!

"A CORONATION MARRIAGE."

years he had been an absentee from Clubs and social gatherings, and now, in his zeal, he was everywhere at once, and so much in love as to be almost unconscious of his own absurdity. Occasionally, it struck him what a figure he cut when, with hanging head, he was ever and again forced to confess to Saidie that he had not got "it" yet; but she was so gracious, so forgiving, so gentle with him, and withal so confident, that the wretched man braced himself to fresh effort and met each day with a new resolve to conquer or die. She had no reproaches; she soothed and comforted, and heavenly trust shone out at him from her blue eyes.

He had introduced her to an elderly female member of his own family, in the coward hope that this gentlewoman would take the burden

But he put the question to Saidie, nevertheless, though in fear and trembling, and with many apologies for his age and his ugliness and his generally dried-up appearance. And her answer? Well, she just stamped her foot and, with tears of rage, upbraided him for not having thought of it at once, for how on earth was she to get her robes made in time?

And, without more ado, Lord Balham found himself blessed above all men. "Marry him!" The idea of hesitating at such a crisis! Of course, she would marry him—she would do far worse than that to get into that Abbey! But the delighted Peer did not look too closely at her form of acceptance. They wired the news to California, and the thing was done.

THE ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW AT PORTSMOUTH.



CAPTAIN A. BARROW, A.D.C., IN COMMAND OF THE
NAVAL ARRANGEMENTS IN LONDON.

THE EARL OF SELBORNE,
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

ADMIRAL A. K. WILSON, V.C., COMMANDING THE
CHANNEL FLEET.

H.M.S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN," FLAGSHIP OF ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES HOTHAM. SHE WILL ALSO LEAD THE LINE OF BATTLESHIPS TO PASS BEFORE THE KING OFF ST. HELENS

ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR.

GENERAL SIR BAKER RUSSELL, COMMANDING THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

ADMIRAL PELHAM ALDRICH.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

THE ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW AT PORTSMOUTH.



FLAG-CAPTAIN E. P. JONES, C.B. FLAG-LIEUTENANT W. C. CHAYTOR. ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES F. HOTHAM, G.C.V.O. SECRETARY J. H. G. CHAPPLE, M.V.O.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES F. HOTHAM (IN SUPREME COMMAND OF THE WHOLE FLEET AT SPITHEAD) AND HIS STAFF.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

A STAGE BEAUTY OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



MISS EVIE GREENE.

Photograph by George Gant-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.

A STAGE BEAUTY OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



MISS MARIE STEWART.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh, West Thirty-third Street, New York.

A STAGE BEAUTY OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



MISS ETHEL WARWICK.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NOW that the King seems really getting well and strong again, his playgoing subjects may hope to soon see him once more patronising and encouraging all sorts of deserving shows around this very playhouse-studded Metropolis. This, as that eccentric amateur princely playwright, Hamlet, would say, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. It is principally to be wished because, undoubtedly, many good West-End productions have lately suffered by reason of the plentiful lack of playhouse patronage which the King's universally regretted illness has induced. Those who risk their capital in West-End theatrical enterprise well know that the withdrawal of Royal support from the theatres means also the temporary withdrawal of the patronage of those "Society," or would-be "Society," folk who feel constrained either to go to the play or to stay away therefrom, according to the movements adopted in this connection by Royalty or the Higher Aristocracy.

During the anxious time that His Majesty has been preparing to receive his Crown, certain playwrights of an up-to-date kind have been patiently preparing dramas more or less connected with the Sovereign at whose restoration to health we all rejoice. One of the plays of this kind long since held in constant readiness (like the Humane Society's drags) is entitled "The King's Ancestors." By way of explanation—or, shall I say, extenuation?—of this somewhat sweeping title, I may, perhaps, be allowed to mention that this play's author starts his drama at about the time of Edward I., and comes down, if I have heard aright, not farther along England's line of Royal Edwards than Edward III. This English-Edwardian effusion is, I may tell you, the work of Mr. Max Goldberg, whose melodrama of crimes and coon-songs, once entitled "Secrets of the Harem," had recently, after some years' touring, the honour (and advertisement) of being prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain. Since then, this forbidden work has continued to tour under the name of "Secrets."

As I have warned you long ago to expect, Sir Henry Irving has (in consequence of the present uncertain arrangements of the Lyceum, Limited) arranged to secure another theatre, whereat he will produce next spring his long ago ordered but only just delivered new play written by the veteran Victorien Sardou around what one may without irreverence describe as the purgatorial poet, Dante. Sir Henry, at the moment of writing, now seems to favour the Shaftesbury. But a few days ago, when I had the pleasure of another long chat with him for *The Sketch*, Sir Henry assured me that he had an eye or so on another theatre which he strongly fancied. That theatre was, I may now tell you, no other than the Adelphi.

Speaking of Sir Henry Irving, there reaches me at the moment of going to press the rumour (a somewhat revived one, you will confess) that Miss Ellen Terry will really, at the end of the run of the aforesaid

Dante play, leave Sir Henry Irving's Company and will go a-touring again on her own account. Please note that I do not vouch for this rumour's accuracy—I merely give it as it was just told to me.

With respect to Mrs. Kendal, I ought to state that I have just been informed that that gifted actress may anon again, with her husband, join Mr. John Hare, with whom they were in joint management a good many years ago. It seems, the present arrangement is that Mrs. Kendal shall act with Mr. Hare in his contemplated production of an English adaptation of "L'Abbé Constantin."

I am asked to contradict, and that categorically, the many rumours which have gone around the Press to the effect that Madame Sarah Grand and Mr. George R. Sims are collaborating in a new social comedy. Mr. Sims says he knows nothing whatever about this arrangement.

I learn that it is now absolutely settled that Mr. H. V. Esmond's long-ago-paraphrased social comedy, "My Lady Virtue," will be Mr. Arthur Bourchier's next new production at the Garrick.

It would seem that the Messrs. Gatti and Charles Frohman, who are re-decorating the Vaudeville, will not re-open that house until "early in September," when will be produced Mr. J. M. Barrie's comedy, "Quality Street." This dainty play was a huge success in America. At the Vaudeville, the leading characters will be sustained by Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss.

As to Mr. Hicks, he has just finished collaborating with Mr. Walter Slaughter in the new musical comedy entitled "An English Daisy." This was on Monday last, the 11th inst., tried at the County Theatre, Reading, with Miss Zena Dare as the heroine, and Mr. Tom E. Murray, the quaint American droll, as the chief comedian.

The British Empire did great things in the way of preparations for the Coronation, and the Leicester

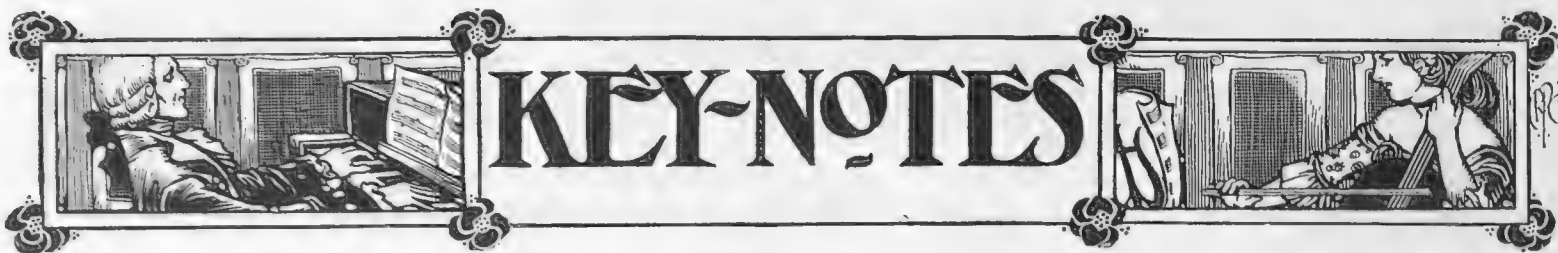


THE EMPIRE THEATRE, SHOWING THE FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR THE CORONATION (ORIGINAL DATE).

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Square Empire so wisely governed by Mr. H. J. Hitchins did not belie its name. In addition to the gorgeous ballet, "Our Crown," and an entertainment of a bright and varied description, it delighted its patrons by its lavish decorations both inside and out. The picture given herewith shows how the Empire was decorated for the original date of the Coronation. Many hundreds of pounds were expended to obtain the charming effect presented, and as an object-lesson in decoration it was worth every penny spent.

The youngest "star" on the American stage to-day is Miss Marie Stewart, who, as Marie Doro, made her début last year in David Belasco's comedy, "Naughty Anthony." Miss Stewart, who is not yet nineteen years of age, is the daughter of a Wall Street Trust President, and only recently was a pupil at one of the fashionable Fifth Avenue boarding-schools. Hearing that Miss Stewart was going to London to purchase a play for herself, George W. Lederer, the American Manager, offered her a leading part in the Company he was organising for his annual autumn production, "Sally in Our Alley," a musical comedy.



KEY-NOTES

TO Sir Frederick Bridge was entrusted the music specially arranged for the Coronation; and undoubtedly he has fulfilled his task with amazing intelligence and discretion. Sir Frederick Bridge reckons among his musical ancestors no less a name than that of Handel, whose "Zadok the Priest," included in the score of the new Coronation music, can scarcely be said to be too up-to-date.

The words of the Introit, sung at the beginning of the Communion Service, "O hearken thou unto the voice of my calling, my King and my God," were adapted by Sir Frederick Bridge to an extract from the late Sir Arthur Sullivan's oratorio, "The Light of the World," the concluding bars of the chorus "Men and Brethren" in that work. The Service in E, by Samuel Wesley, raised a storm of indignation when it first appeared in 1845. This, as we are told, was not only due to the new idiom of the music, but in a large measure to the "remarkable Preface—really a manifesto—issued with the Service." In this he refers to the "unvarying syllabic accentuation," and the "monotonous undescriptive expression" of the contrapuntal music of the "dry-as-dust" school, a school already immortalised by Sir Walter Scott, compared to the more natural style of poetic treatment, of which latter Wesley was, of course, a consummate master. Wesley states that the Creed was originally written for treble voices only, "to meet an emergency which occasionally arose at one of the Cathedrals (Hereford or Exeter) with which he was connected, and that it was never intended for public inspection." But an enthusiastic musical amateur, upon hearing it performed at Leeds, induced Wesley to write the entire Service, for which he remunerated the composer with the sum of fifty guineas. The Creed, therefore, is the parent of the Service known as "Wesley in E," and was composed by Wesley before he became organist of Leeds Parish Church.

Sir Frederick Bridge is distinguished most of all by the carefulness with which he arranges everything that is of importance in connection with his work; and therefore one found that the issue of the music to be performed on the occasion of the Coronation had been most carefully constructed out of the works of great Englishmen who, at moments of especial and national inspiration, have fulfilled the ideals of the country. Parry, Villiers Stanford, and the late Sir Arthur Sullivan were all impounded for the service in question. Sullivan's Introit, "O Hearken Thou," is in its way a lovely thing and demonstrative of the fact that Sullivan was quite at his best in the writing of ecclesiastical music. Stanford's "Te Deum" is, naturally, a thing to admire from the purely academic point of view, and one greatly suspects that the work was included simply because it was necessary on such an occasion as this that every grade of English music should be recognised. "The Homage" was signalled by the singing of Sir Frederick Bridge's anthem, "Kings Shall See and Arise," a straightforward but very effective piece of musical writing. The thing possesses a world of spirit, and is in its way quite triumphant. Perhaps the most exquisite thing of the whole musical service was Purcell's "Let My Prayer Come Up," a work so full of sweetness and ingenious harmony that one might have desired to hear more of this composer's work on many particular occasions, seeing that he, too, was himself once the organist of the great Abbey.

Necessary as doubtless the change was, one, nevertheless, could not but regret the final decision to omit Tallis's Litany. It was written during a time when English music was on its way to the zenith of its glory; and for that reason, as a record, as a chronicle of what we have been capable of in the past, the thing might, indeed, have come as a crown to the occasion, stretching back hands to a former day of

English musical glory. The Litany, indeed, is very beautiful, and is treated in so solemn a manner that you feel that here, at all events, a chapter of music is closed, and that a culmination has been reached, a climax has been accomplished. It is a very strange thought that in old days the complexity of music never seemed to terrify or to overcome the minds of the great composers of the age in which they lived. In these days of cheap waltzes and cheaper comic opera, a well-written sextet is regarded almost as a work of extraordinary genius; in the old days, as it appears, that was the commonplace of musical life, and it is much to remember that we, who are supposed to have inherited the gifts of all the ages, have, as a matter of fact, in music (especially ecclesiastical music) gone very far back beyond the time of our artistic ancestors. To continue the Liturgy:

"The Coronation Office being performed, the King (attended and accompanied as before), the four Swords being carried before him, descends from his Throne, Crowned, and, carrying his Sceptre and Rod in his hands, moves into the Area Eastward of the Theatre, and passes on through the Door on the South side of the Altar into Saint Edward's Chapel; and, as the Procession passes by the Altar, the Regalia, lying upon it, are delivered by the Dean of Westminster to the Lords that carried them in the Procession; and so they proceed in State into the Chapel, the Organ all the while playing. The Queen, at the same time descending, goes in like manner into the same Chapel at the Door on the North side of the Altar, bearing her Sceptre in her Right Hand, and her Ivory Rod in her Left." For purposes of the King's convenience at this point, the "Te Deum" was arranged to be sung during this function, instead of at any other period of the proceedings.

"The King and Queen" (to come now to the actual instructions) "being come into the Chapel, the King standing before the Altar, delivers the Sceptre with the Dove to the Archbishop, who layeth it upon the Altar there. And the Golden Spurs and Saint Edward's Staff are given into the hands of the Dean of Westminster, and by him laid there also.

"His Majesty is then disrobed of his Imperial Mantle or Robe of State, and arrayed in his Royal Robe of Purple Velvet, and Her Majesty is also arrayed in her Royal Robes of Purple Velvet. His Majesty, wearing his Imperial Crown, then receives in his Left Hand the Orb from the Archbishop.

"Then their Majesties proceed through the Choir to the West Door of the Church, in the same way as they came, wearing their Crowns: the King bearing in his Right Hand the Sceptre with the Cross, and in his Left the Orb; the Queen bearing in her Right Hand her Sceptre with the Cross, and in her Left the Ivory Rod with the Dove; all Peers wearing their Coronets."

Sir Walter Parratt also contributed an anthem, "Confortare," a tiny thing of sixteen bars, which had its place between the putting on of the Crown and the presenting of the Bible. On the whole, I should be inclined to say that Sir Frederick Bridge has the credit for producing as careful a musical programme as has ever been issued for the Coronation of an English Sovereign. The days of Handel, of course, are passed, and the composer of "Zadok the Priest" no longer wields his Imperial bâton over the purlieus of the Thames. Still, his name must be honoured and remembered in every Coronation, and to his successor there is due all the praise that should be given to one who has devoted infinite labour, infinite pains, and the most careful selection to all the things that, from a musical point of view, formed the outstanding musical embroidery of the present Coronation.

COMMON CHORD.



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.



The General Exodus—Ardent Automobilists—Is Road-Racing Likely in England?—The Business Aspect—Second-hand Advice—Military Motorists.

THE postponement of the Coronation to some extent arrested the normal ebb of the tide which empties London in August, but now the annual process is completed, and for the moment the motor-car is more seen and heard at the seaside and in touring centres than in the West-End, where cars have become such customary features as scarcely to cause passers-by to turn their heads. The King himself has hardly had an opportunity of using his new twenty-two horse-power Daimler, which was shown, unfinished, at the March exhibition, and was delivered at Windsor on the eve of His Majesty's lamentable illness; but it is his purpose to visit Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and enjoy some quiet drives through the New Forest, where the roads are in excellent condition, and sufficiently lonely for an informal Royal progress to be undertaken without the "mobbing" which seems inevitable when the King's car turns out of Cowes. Lord Montagu's son, the Hon. John Scott-Montagu, M.P. for the New Forest Division of Hampshire, knows every nook of the country, is an expert handler of the car, and will form an ideal guide in both senses on these recreative trips.

In the great race in the Ardennes, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt did almost as great a performance as Mr. Charles Jarrott, the winner, for he ran third, though starting last and using an unfamiliar car. Mr. Jarrott drove his seventy horse-power Panhard six times round the circuit of fifty-four miles in five hours fifty-three minutes, and Mr. Vanderbilt's time works out at only two miles per hour less. He used M. Henri Fournier's racing Mors, and the Belgian Automobile Club sanctioned the use of this car, provided that he started last. What that meant in the dust stirred up by the crowd of sixty-mile-an-hour predecessors on the gigantic lap can be better guessed than delineated. Baron de Crawhez, who suggested the race, set himself down as the first entrant, and, as the starts took place in the order of entering, he had a clear run; but, after attaining the fastest speed, he suffered a slight disablement. Charron and Barras collided and retired. Jenatzy dived into a ditch; and Baron de Caters, who lately tied the famous kilometre record made by M. Léon Serpollet, cannoned off an uncushioned wall, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

It does not seem very likely that the Gordon-Bennett Cup, now held by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland owing to the success of Mr. S. F. Edge on the British-built Napier car, will ever be raced for in the United Kingdom. Even if the Bill abolishing speed-limits became law forthwith, it would not follow that the race could take place. Somewhere in the three hundred and twenty miles, or so, necessary for the competition there would be objectors who could hardly be silenced if they considered racing speeds furious driving, while there is another section of the Highway Act concerning the playing of games on the highway which would have to be got over. The only way of running the race on our roads would be by a special Act for the express purpose, whether the race were held here or, as has been suggested by Irishmen, in Ireland. It could be done in a couple of consecutive early-mornings without danger, but it cannot at present be done legally. This difficulty, however, does not

mean that the cup can never be run for, as the rules which prescribe that the country holding the cup shall be the venue of the competition contain an exceptional proviso that, if England is the winner, the race may be held in France.

Such a race serves as a splendid advertisement. With but few exceptions, the participants are keenly interested in the manufacture and sale of motor-cars, and the fillip to the industry in this country by a British success is immense. At the congratulatory dinner to the winner this aspect of the success was most conspicuously prominent. The Premier's letter excusing his absence spoke of the success earned for cars of British design and manufacture. M. Charron, telegraphing from Paris, admitted the triumph of English industry. The Chairman, Mr. Roger Wallace, K.C., hoped the Government would give some assistance to keep the Cup in this country and so stimulate the motor industry; and the winner himself expressed a belief that, so long

as the race was held here, British industry would be the gainer, even though a foreign car might win. It would serve to dissipate the impression that Paris must necessarily for ever be the centre of the automobile trade merely because France took a year or two's start of this country.



MRS. BERNARD WEGUELIN ON HER TWELVE HORSE-POWER PANHARD.

In these days of rapid evolution of improved types, the general advice to owners is not to keep cars too long, and, when to this is coupled the advice to tyros not to run the risk of buying second-hand cars, one wonders what would be the effect if everybody followed, or tried to follow, such excellent recommendations. If every experienced owner made a practice of selling soon, and every beginner made an equally invariable practice of not buying

second-hand, whence would come the buyers to relieve the prudent sellers of their cars? The fact is, a beginner is well advised to invest in a second-hand car, provided always that he is really well advised in the selection of it.

To Mr. Mark Mayhew, of the London County Council, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Automobile Club, belongs the credit of exciting interest in motor-cars among military men. A year ago he took his seven-horse Panhard to the Manœuvres at Aldershot, and enabled the Generals to obtain a comprehensive view of the proceedings in a way never before possible. In a year great progress has been made.

Mr. Mayhew again has put in good service at the Manœuvres on Salisbury Plain, and is hoping that an Automobile Volunteer Corps will shortly be organised. Meanwhile, the Mechanical Transport Committee of the War Office has been busy buying cars and training soldier drivers. A ten horse-power Wolseley for the use of General Sir Evelyn Wood, and a similar-powered Brush car for Major-General Sir Thomas Fraser, are among the latest selections. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught has found his nine horse-power Napier of special value to him in the exercise of his military duties and in the inspection of the camps in various quarters of the Metropolis.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The "Northern Circuit."—The St. Leger—A "Flat" Season.

ON Friday, the Redcar Meeting opens the "Northern Circuit," a series of meetings which also embraces Stockton, York, and Doncaster. Redcar and Stockton are, to a very large extent, dependent on Lord Londonderry and Mr. James Lowther for their success. Those well-known supporters of racing always have large parties at Wynyard Park and Wilton Castle, including many men who enter horses for races to be decided at the meetings mentioned, and who, of course, go over with their hosts to see the sport. In the Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes, Gilbert Orme should about win. This colt showed some promise at Goodwood, and, if he does not win at Redcar, he is likely to do well later on. In the National Breeders' Foal Stakes a lot of moderate animals are engaged, and the best of them seems to be Pistol; that is, of course, provided Minstead does not run. At Stockton, next Tuesday, the Wynyard Plate may be won by Kroonstad or Jacqueline. The City of London Breeders' Foal Plate at Kempton to-day should be within the compass of St. Windeline.

With Sceptre a mare of many moods, with St. Brendan an unbeaten colt in Ireland and who has not been on this side, and with Cheers rapidly improving into the good colt he was thought to be last year, we are likely to have one of the best races for the St. Leger that we have seen for some years. When Sceptre ran so badly in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, her St. Leger chance seemed to be very small, but her owner, who scorns the ordinary cut-and-dried methods of training with his beautiful mare, immediately came to the conclusion that she was short of work and sent her along the next two mornings at top speed. What was the result? She stripped another animal in the Nassau Stakes on the last day of the meeting and won with an ease that it would be hard to estimate. If she shows her best Goodwood form at Doncaster, she will be very hard to beat; but she will have a vastly different task on Town Moor to that she essayed so successfully against Simoom filly, and I don't yet see my way to altering my opinion that, if St. Brendan is beaten, it may be by Cupbearer, who is exceedingly smart when in the humour.

Early this season I had hopes that Coronation year would be a red-letter one in the racing world. There seemed to be good likelihood of a revival of interest in Turf matters, but now the months have gone by it cannot be denied that things are very flat indeed. This was painfully apparent at Goodwood, where the sport was poor and the interest displayed less than at a Saturday afternoon meeting. This lack of interest is noticeable not only on the part of the come-and-go racing-men, but the regulars seem to be bored with the sport.—CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's speech at the opening of the Morris-tube rifle-range, suggested by his poem, "The Islanders," and erected at Lower Sydenham for the benefit of employes of the Jaeger Company, was as characteristic as it was excellent—a pleasing blend of humour and common-sense which should be perused with profit by the War Office authorities. Excusing his presence by the statement that he was largely interested in a similar range at Rottingdean, and so could say, as the Yeoman said when he fell into the thorn-bush, "If I have not got knowledge, I have got a whole skinful of experience," Mr. Kipling went on to prove that he had knowledge, and argued that drill and rifle-shooting with the individual should be approached on precisely the same basis as the study of the A B C. They did not wait until the boy was eighteen or nineteen before they taught him his letters, and so should it be with instruction in rifle-shooting. They should catch the boy when he was about twelve, and teach him drill and rifle-shooting, because there was no danger in this country and in our climate of producing a race of inflammatory barbarians. Thus we might hope that the next time the nations of the earth saw fit to love us with the love that found such perfect expression during the last thirty months, we on our side might not be found wholly ignorant of one or two of those less spiritual accomplishments which, if they did not secure affection, at least commanded respect. Mr. Kipling subsequently opened the range by firing two shots, with which he scored an "outer" and an "inner," and signing the target-card.



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING OPENING THE JAEGER RIFLE-RANGE AT LOWER SYDENHAM ON AUGUST 2.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF Carlyle cannot be set down as an oppressively amiable philosopher, few can say that his pessimistic summing up of humanity was a mistaken one. Still, if we are mostly fools, we are sometimes rather bearable idiots, and many follies are, indeed, quite lovable, while unvarying wisdom has, somehow, a cold and desolating effect, as a general rule, on mere ordinary humanity. Of fools there are many varieties therefore, but while some we can suffer most gladly, others contrive to be so insupportable as to make their neighbourhood or approach a downright calamity. It is true that, nowadays, life is scampered through so swiftly that we do not become really intimate with one friend in fifty, and so irritating idiosyncrasies remain undiscovered with the bulk of our acquaintances. It is only on board ship or in the dismaying circumstance of wet weather in a country house-party that "real selves" come forth and flourish amazingly. Then the types unfold, and we discover what desolating bores erstwhile charming people may be, and how entirely nice some hitherto undiscovered others. There is, for instance, the sporting-man who talks horses and is a dried-up well if you take him off flat-racing, steeplechasing, or "huntin'"; the prosaic person who assents to all remarks but never volunteers one; the pretty woman who is an authority on chiffons but blandly superior to all other subjects; the socially active who incessantly recruits her visiting-list; the well-informed 'Varsity youth who knows everything better than everybody else—and dozens beside. But, of all the bores that be, defend me from her (it is always her) who exploits her friends and relations—chiefly the titled ones—for the bothered benefit of uninterested others.

has sat out pages of dead-and-gone "Debrett," and politely endured other people's cousinships with Earls and Marquises unto the fourth generation, will not heartily endorse me when I say that such claimants to their reflected glories deserve to be struck off all civilised



A SMART COSTUME IN BLUE CLOTH.

To suffer in silence from the series of long-buried great-uncles and grandfathers belonging to this form of bore is a punishment that the Fates should not lightly inflict, yet one that has to be often endured by those who number amongst their acquaintances a snob. Who that



AN ELEGANT RACE-COAT.

[Copyright.]

visiting-lists in this life and condemned to an exclusively suburban domestic circle in the next?

The clothes subject is a quiescent one for the moment, when everybody is endeavouring to wear out the unworn gowns and glories prepared for our past unwearable summer weather. One hears various hints, light as well as dark, from Paris of all the forthcoming changes in skirts, sleeves, and "so forths" which are foreshadowed by dress-making powers that be; but until the autumn ides, which, alack, already loom large, we shall continue to trail our too-long trains on Mother Earth, and dip our too-loose sleeves in foreign matter, and wear uncomfortably our too-tilted hats on the tops of our noses, and do various other silly things that present fashion acclaims and vanity permits. It has been advanced that sleeves are to be tight below and full above, that veils will be worn to the tip of the nose, and that many other departures from the present order of our going will signalise the forthcoming season. The most practical change for a British winter would, to my mind, be the shortening of skirts, which become so burdensome when elongated in thick materials. More especially to the country does this apply, of course, where the union of tweed and damp *terra firma* is more than ever inappropriate and unsuitable. Apropos of country wearables, I hear great things of the new spiral puttees patented by Fox Brothers, of Wellington, Somerset, which are made both for men and women, and are designed to wind spirally from ankle to knee, fitting closely to the leg without any turns or twists, as of old. These puttees can be had with or without spats, the former costing seven-and-sixpence, the

latter five shillings, while for children the prices are proportionately less. For golfing women this departure promises a great increase of comfort and warmth, while the material employed, being thin and fine, does not give the clumsy effect the puttee of past custom invariably contrived.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. NUGENT.—I should have thought one of the principals at Christie's would be the best person to value your pictures—they must have such vast experience. For houses in the Regent's Park district, local agents would be best, or big firms like Maple and Norman and Stacey, both in Tottenham Court Road. Bloomsbury is being exploited, too, and a thin stream of the more impecunious "smart" has already begun to trickle Bedford Square way.

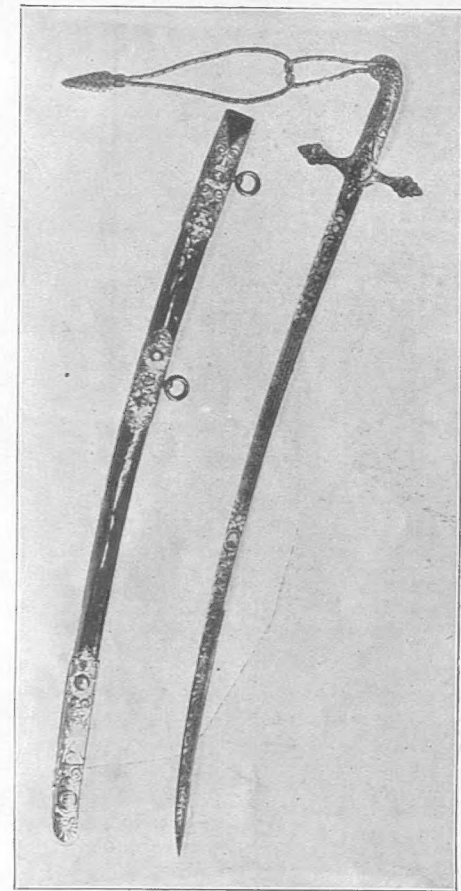
AMERICAN.—Any of the Dover Street dressmakers will turn you out well. Kate Reily, Machinka, Worth, Paquin, are all in the first flight and all close together. It seems to me that you may have started in the wrong set, as it is comparatively easy for Americans to get into Society, given sufficient money, and also as the question of birth does not come up, as it would, of course, with newly introduced foreigners, who are expected to be "born."

SYBIL.

Before Viscount Kitchener sailed from South Africa, the Mayor and Corporation of Cape Town resolved to present him with a sword of honour. The weapon not being ready at the time of his departure,

the Lord Mayor of London, at the request of the Cape Town Municipality, undertook the pleasant duty of formally tendering the gift at the recent South African Dinner at the Hôtel Métropole. The sword, which was specially designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W., is a most beautiful and elaborately ornamented specimen, the hilt being of eighteen-carat gold and the scabbard of solid silver, richly gilt, the lower end and bands being of gold. The blade is of the finest steel, elaborately etched, and bears the presentation inscription.

The first number of the *Referee* was published on Sunday, Aug. 19, 1877. On Sunday, Aug. 17, 1902, the paper will, therefore, reach the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. The proprietors will celebrate the interesting occasion by issuing a special Silver Wedding number, to consist of sixteen pages, and to contain special



SWORD OF HONOUR PRESENTED TO
GENERAL VISCOUNT KITCHENER.

contributions not only from the regular members of the staff, but from many other celebrated writers. Among the special contributors to this special number will be John Hollingshead, David Christie Murray, Martin Cobbett, George Spencer Edwards, H. Chance Newton, Edward Morton, Richard-Henry, Gilbert Burgess, Henry Pugh, and the renowned Mrs. Bullyboy.

It cannot be said that the grouse-shooting season which commenced yesterday has opened under very favourable auspices. In spite of the great care that has been paid to so many estates during the past few years, consequent upon the rise of rents, in spite of the draining of moors and burning of heather, disease has been reported from many quarters where it was absent last season. No sportsman hopes or expects to rival the success of a year ago, when birds were very forward, very plentiful, and healthy; the best that can be hoped is that the change will not be too striking. Even in bad years, the North Country may be expected to supply a very large number of birds, but the modern tendency lies more in the direction of making record bags than in sport for sport's sake, and the high rents that have become well-nigh universal are some justification for this tendency. It is a curious fact that the grouse-disease quite baffles game-preservers and experts. They know that a warm nesting season and a dry ground keep it away, but they have not the remotest idea of dealing with it effectually. Last year the disease was rare in Scotland; Caithness seemed to be the only shire that suffered at all severely. This year it is said that many sick coveys have been found much further South. It is to be hoped that the reports have been exaggerated, and that sport will not be so bad, after all.

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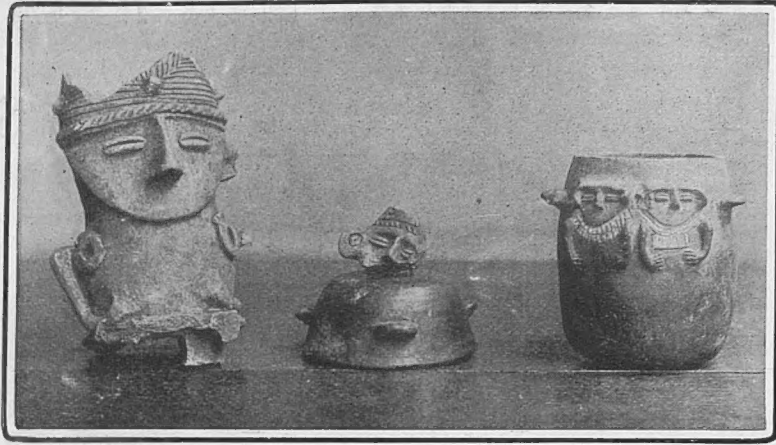
Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have forwarded interesting photographs for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written clearly on the back of each portrait and view submitted.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 26.

CORONATION MARKETS.

THE Coronation Markets in the reign of King Edward VII. will long be remembered as black-letter days in the history of the Stock Exchange. It does not matter very much what happens in the way of traffics, dividends, foreign affairs, or suchlike things, for they all make for lower prices. Meanwhile, the public, not



JARS FROM THE SACRED LAKE OF GUATAVITA.

Photograph by Emberson, Cornhill, E.C.

being altogether composed of fools, keeps resolutely apart from all dealing, and the professional speculators—or, at least, those who can afford luxuries—have gone away for a holiday, and are yacht-racing at Cowes, climbing high mountains in the uttermost parts of the earth, or taking water cures at Homburg and suchlike centres of European civilisation. The Account will be a light one, although, from the continuous droop in prices, there is some uneasiness as to how it will go off, and it is pretty certain that rates will not be heavy. The general state of the Stock Exchange may, however, be fitly judged by the Coronation decorations, which consist of hanging out a few draggled flags—not more dilapidated than the feelings of the majority of the members.

CONTRACTORS, LIMITED.

Those who are interested in the gamble of draining the Sacred Lake of Guatavita, with all its possibilities of untold wealth—or of nothing, shall we say?—must have been more than satisfied with the report which Mr. Hartley Knowles, the Managing Director, had to make to the meeting on the 31st of last month. We know that several of our correspondents and more of our readers have shares in the Company, and they will have rejoiced to hear definitely that there are enough funds to carry out the work and see the bottom of the lake. It may be, of course, that, as the Indians say, the devils who inhabit the sacred waters will actively interfere when the work gets near its completion; but modern engineering takes the interference of lake spirits all in a day's work, and it must be admitted that this sort of danger did not appear to disconcert either Mr. Hartley Knowles or Mr. Crease, the engineer, who was present and explained the progress of the work; nor, indeed, did the shareholders seem to dread the invisible powers overmuch.

"By August next year we shall know whether we are millionaires or not," is the Managing Director's fair comment on the present position. In these columns the story of the enterprise has already been told, and the historical evidences upon which the sanguine hopes of the managers are based were briefly referred to some months ago. Those who take long shots must not complain if they miss the bull's-eye, and we suppose every shareholder in Contractors, Limited, is sportsman enough to accept what may come when the bottom of the lake is exposed, without crying even if the golden images and accumulated gold-dust pan out below the estimate.

Mr. Knowles was able to exhibit a few specimens of the treasures which have from time to time been brought from the lake-bed, and there is indisputable evidence that Mr. Restrepo sent to the Chicago Exhibition golden articles which were obtained by him, of a value of some £8000. The illustrations we give are of the articles brought back by Mr. Knowles and which he has kindly had photographed for us. That they have come from the lake-bed he can vouch for.

We hear that there is some talk in the Stock Exchange of a concerted movement in the shares, which are to-day nominally about £2 each. For our own money, we are going to see it out; when, perhaps by next August, the original £10 we invested may be worth £1000 or nothing—who can tell?

THE SCOTCH RAILWAYS.

The last of the English Railway dividends has now been declared, and, while no particularly sensational results have appeared, it must be conceded that, on balance, the announcements lean to the side of disappointment. Since the middle of May there had been hopes that, at all events, three or four of the Companies

would declare dividends showing a substantial advance over those of the corresponding period of 1901, and the postponement of the Coronation ceremonies came so late as to justify hopes of the railways receiving marked benefit from the preparation for these festivities. But a feeling of disappointment has been left by the announcements, and the market is modifying to some extent its estimates of what may happen in regard to the Scottish lines. On the eve of the declarations, it may be well to review briefly the situation of the principal Companies. Naturally, the first to demand attention is the

CALEDONIAN.

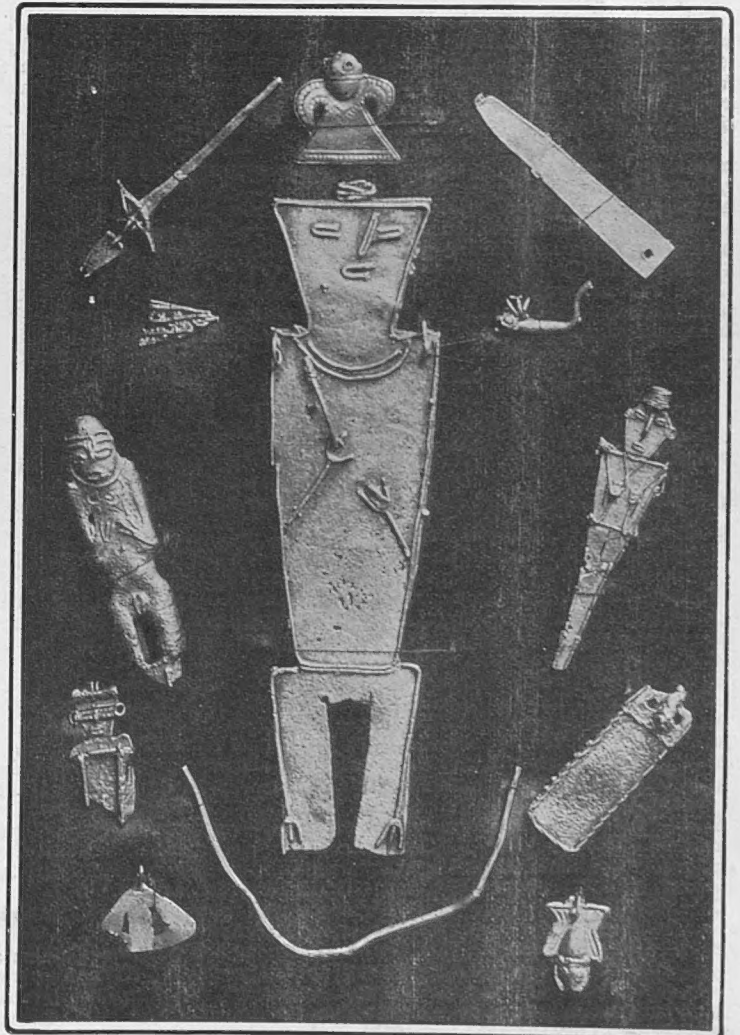
With a published traffic increase of £35,604, the hopes of Caledonian stockholders were at first optimistic, and an increased dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Ordinary was tentatively suggested. In view of the fact that there has been no Glasgow Exhibition to help the Company this year, the figures are decidedly good, and the flatness of the stock during the last few days is attributable to fears of a new capital issue rather than to poor dividend estimates. It is, however, now thought that the Caledonian may not be able after all to advance its distribution, or to no larger extent than $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the Ordinary at the outside.

THE NORTH BRITISH.

The North British Company has done the best of all the Scottish undertakings during the past six months. Its published traffic-increase of £31,238 may quite conceivably be swollen to the extent of at least a-third more when the accounts are adjusted, and perhaps a fair saving in the coal-bill is not too much to expect. It will be remembered that the North British was one of the very few Companies which increased its dividend for the first half of 1901, when the distribution on the Ordinary stock was raised from $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to three-quarters. Under present circumstances, the market estimate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for the first half of 1902 does not appear extravagant, and, if the latter rate should be declared, North British Ordinary will look decidedly cheap.

GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN.

Although the Highland Railway publishes a decrease in its estimated traffic receipts, the Company's saving in expenses may enable it to pay, perhaps, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more dividend than it did a year ago, and the Great North of Scotland should fare even better than this, some of the Scottish prophets going for as much as 1 per cent. advance in the dividend on "Haddocks," which stock received nothing at all for the first half of 1901. Glasgow and South-Western Deferred got $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for that period, and the Company has the respectable increase in traffics of £13,242 with which to deal. After



IDOLS AND GOLDEN ORNAMENTS FOUND IN THE SACRED LAKE OF GUATAVITA.

Photograph by Emberson, Cornhill, E.C.

allowing on the one hand for under-publication and on the other for probable increases in expenditure, we should say that the Glasgow and South-Western would be fortunate if it saved an extra £5000 nett for dividend purposes.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Now that I have come back from holiday-making, I find everybody else has taken advantage of my being away to follow my excellent example. The House is half-empty, clients are out of the reach of the telephone, office staffs are uncomfortably reduced, and, notwithstanding the crowds which turned out to see the Coronation Procession, the City proper appears to be all but deserted by those whom one is accustomed to meet daily and hourly. By the way, I was rather amused at meeting, on a well-known Swiss spot, the writer of those "Finance in a First-Class" conversations which every now and again appear in these pages. I said at the time that I supposed his unfortunate readers would be treated to a glacier or moraine conversation, and, out of mere pique, he must have written the thing which appeared in last week's *Sketch*. Having originated the idea, I feel that I ought to have at least half the fifty guineas or whatever it is which he receives for his contributions, and perhaps this subdued hint may not go unrewarded.

Passing from personal paragraphs—abhorrent at the best of times to a sensitive nature—it behoves the financial scribe to seriously address himself to the question of that "early revival" about which so much is spoken by the few who still remain faithful to their office-chairs. The client in the country, too, is just as anxious to hear about it as the City man, and we have to write long letters to rustivating customers giving them the why and wherefore of the slump in Kafirs and the tumble in Consols, wishing the while that they would spend their time in the bathing-machines, or some other place where pen and ink are not available, if they cannot refrain from profitless inquisitiveness during the few days when Stock Exchange people hope to get home early to dinner. Let it not be imagined that I am by any means vexed at having to discuss such matters now: I should be so sorry if any of my readers ran away with the impression that they worried me.

After all is said and done, there is nothing particularly wonderful in the present condition of the Kaffir Circus. The mere absence of business in itself is quite sufficient excuse for the dulness of South Africans. Look at the luckless writers in the City pages of the daily papers. Only by wholesale quotation of one another can they scrape together enough copy to fill their Stock Exchange columns. One journal merely echoes the voice of another. Have you noticed how very few interesting, spicy allusions there have been of late in the daily papers concerning Home Rails? The reason for that is the absence of business secondly, and the absence of certain genial jobbers firstly. The latter gentlemen furnish practically all the leading papers with their railway facts, the colouring matter being a trifle different in some cases, while in others they are identical. Something of the same sort prevails in other markets, and the entire apathy of you, my patient reader, and your friends, is exercising a crystallising effect over us in the House. In days when there is nothing to do, prices always go down, and what you want to know is whether they will fall any further, isn't it?

The one bright star in the financial firmament is the steady unloading on behalf of the weaker bulls which has now been in progress for at least a month. Bit by bit, tired holders are being frozen out of their commitments, the stuffy weather helping to complete their disgust with markets in general. Those who sold three weeks ago are to be congratulated upon having taken what Kaffir profits remained to them, but my own experience is that these people look quite startled when it is suggested that prices are getting cheap again. They will have nothing more to do with the market at present, say they, which, being interpreted, means that they will rigorously eschew the Stock Exchange until such time as the next boomlet comes along, when they will hasten to repurchase at considerably higher prices than they would have done had they bought to-day. It cannot be too often repeated that a bad market, and not a good one, is the best to buy on, and, while I should emphatically discourage the building up of big bull-accounts, I would just as strongly advise the quiet buying of such popular favourites as Barney Consols or Johnnies, Anglo-French or Goldfields, Randfontein or Rand Mines, for which a demand is bound to spring up sooner or later. But such shares should be bought to be paid for, and not for contango purposes. Carry-over charges run away with more money than many people know, besides being a frequently disheartening process. Fifty shares now, fifty more later on if the price drops, and a further fifty after that upon any further relapse—all taken up; on these lines will the cool speculator make money in the long run, when the labour difficulty is lessened, the dynamite monopoly settled, and Johannesburg restored to a more normal course of life than at present prevails in that distressful Golden City.

I close. A full sense of their defects makes me feel I dare not read through these rambling notes, and already methinks the heavy hand of my Editor is on my shoulder, as he suggests that in future my letters should treat mainly of finance, instead of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Aug. 9, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

J. B.—The shares you hold appear to be 19s. 6d. paid, with a liability of sixpence, and this liability you can be made to pay by law, whether you like it or not. We have not got the details of the reconstruction before us, but it does not appear attractive to pay up 8s. a-share more, and you cannot be made to do so. Probably, if you do not pay, you can get nothing for your interest; but consult a solicitor, who will, perhaps, require to see the agreement of July 11 before giving an opinion. It is possible the M.A.P. man believed in his tip.

PLYMOUTH.—We have the poorest opinion of the Copper-mine, also of the Rhodesian concern. A reef eighteen inches wide and going eight dwt. is a sorry thing.

MINERAL.—(1) We should hold the Cement shares, as there is a prospect of their improving. (2) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary or Grand Trunk First Pref. *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Pref. shares are also very good, and pay well. (3) The Bank is all right, but you must not forget the liability. It is remote, but, still, should not be lost sight of.

S. H.—(1) By reason of our going to press early last week, your letter could not be answered. We should hold the Schibaieffs, as the prices are improving and there is a prospect of a combination between the various Oil Companies. (2) No. (3) See last answer, or, if you are more adventurous, Grank Trunk Second Pref.

COLONIAL.—We have little faith in Rhodesian gold-mines, and advise you to let the shares of the Company you name alone—at any rate, for the present.

P. H.—(1) See answer to "J. B.," who is very much in the same position as yourself. We are afraid you cannot get out of the sixpenny call. If the case were our own, the new Company would see none of our money. (2) The Bonds are not swindles, but the firm in question ask more than the current market price, and you would do better to buy through a respectable broker, as you would get the same thing cheaper.

S. M. B.—Your letter should have been addressed to the Editor. It has nothing to do with financial matters.

MAX.—Your letter has been forwarded to the Editor. It has nothing to do with finance—at least, not on the face of it.

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